



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### **Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



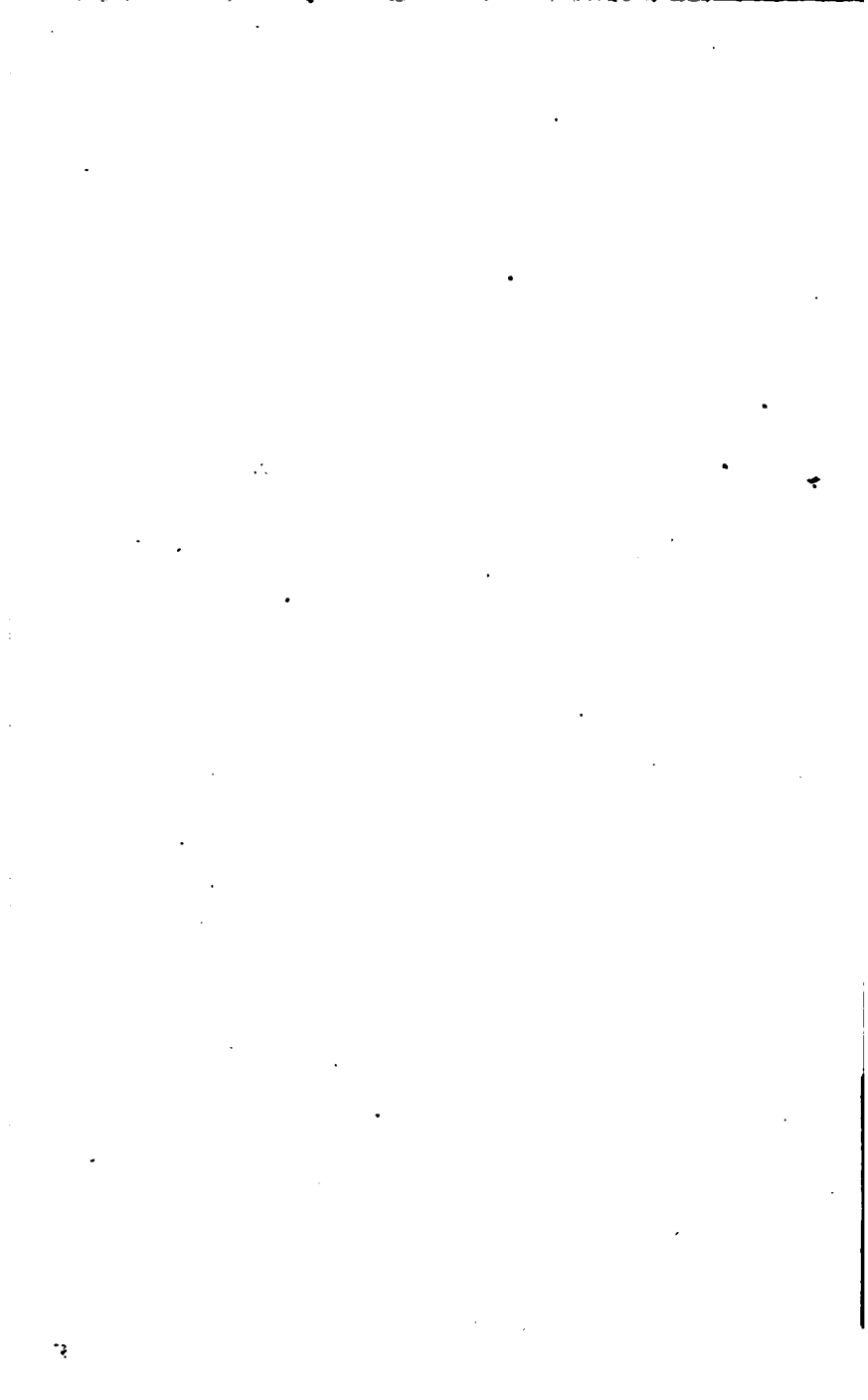


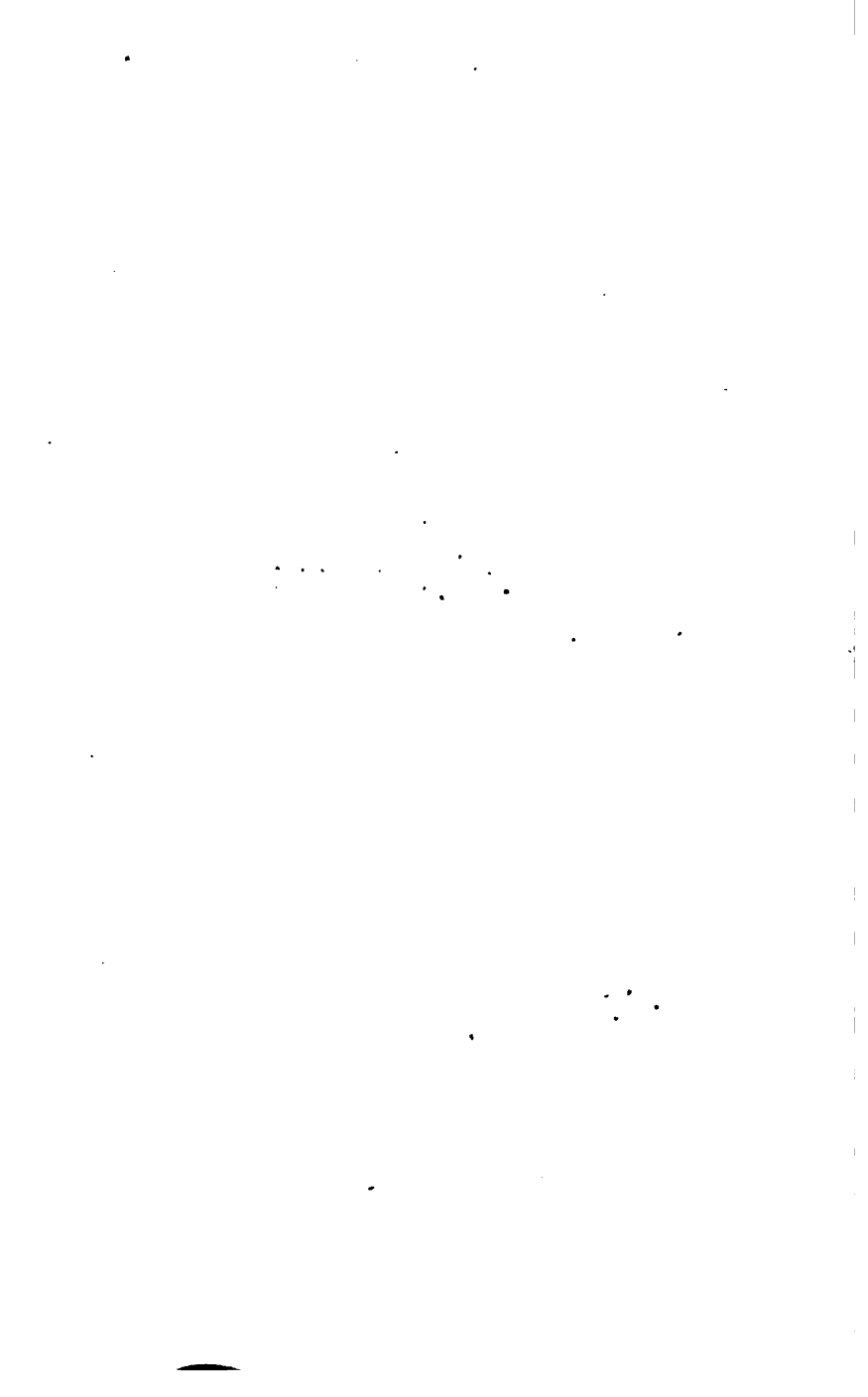
600041878Y

33.

73.







# STORIES OF THE STUDY.

BY

JOHN GALT, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

“THE ANNALS OF THE PARISH;” “LAURIE TODD;”  
“EBEN ERSKINE;” &c. &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:  
COCHRANE AND M'CRONE,  
11, WATERLOO-PLACE, PALL-MALL.

---

1833.

73.



BAYLIS AND LEIGHTON,  
JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET

# STORIES OF THE STUDY.

---

## THE LUTHERANS.

---

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

“ They come!—they come!  
A murmuring multitude the highways fill.”

AFTER such a night as we have described, the morning, if not wet, is grey and calm, the air retains its hazy character, all objects seem larger and in quiet repose; but the dew-drops are thicker on the grass than usual, and the birds sing but snatches of their songs.

In such a morning the repair of persons to the Monastery from all parts of the surrounding



country, filled the road with numerous groups and stragglers. It was known that the young Baron was detained for his declaration in favour of the Lutheran creed, and that he was to undergo some species of trial. His rank and character excited much interest with all sorts of people, and from the dawn of day great numbers hastened to be spectators and auditors.

It could not be said, however, that they were unanimous in their opinion respecting a transaction so extraordinary. Some thought it was a politic device of the priests to seize such a victim, for the heresy was becoming rife; it was not supposed that any serious harm was intended against him. Others loudly condemned the arrogance that presumed to arrest, as it was considered, one so blameless and high born. Many condemned the action as another proof of the overweening pride and power of the clergy, which they said could not be too soon pruned. A few were of a different opinion; they considered his recantation as an insult to

the church, and were loud in applauding the Abbot of St. Michael's for daring to be so courageous as to touch a youth, who probably presumed on his birth and consideration. But one or two old and experienced men cautiously doubted if the measure was quite judicious; they said to one another that it was too strong, if nothing serious was intended, and if, on the contrary, it really were resolved to push matters to extremities, it was too hazardous, in the existing disorder of the public mind, and was a step that could not well be retraced. Every one held an opinion that differed in its hue from that of his neighbour, and the thick-and-thin adherents of the Papacy were so few, that by the time a considerable crowd had assembled in front of the Monastery, they found it expedient to set a watch on the doors of their lips.

The Abbot had decided on keeping the gates of the Monastery shut, and, in consequence, there was a numerous multitude without, waiting for admission.

For some time their behaviour was decorous and orderly, but the opening of the gates being still delayed, several rash spirits began to complain, and finding a ready response in the multitude, grew clamorous, and rolled in turbulence about, like the waves lashed by the winds on the sea-shore. How long this obstreperous violence might have continued, or to what excesses it might have mounted, cannot be conjectured; but it was suspended by the arrival of the Lady Gertrude, with a splendid retinue: To admit her, the gates were opened: the crowd rushed in, and soon filled the Chapter-house.

Some speculation was excited at the appearance of the lady; and her intimacy at the Castle being known, it was thought she came, on the part of the Baroness and Matilda, to witness the process of the inquisition: she was, however, prompted only by her own feelings.

All night she had meditated on the transaction, with a degree of incoherency in her

thoughts, that the natural caprice and contrarieties of her character were scarcely sufficient to account for. The story of Ambrose had returned upon her reflections with considerable force; and, without thinking of what might be the consequences to herself, which should have been the inference from his story, she imagined that the means were presented in the persecution of Henry by which he might be induced to abandon Matilda, and accept her love. She was thus, by the blind influence of passion, betrayed into the error of exasperating the proceedings against him, while she only thought of facilitating the accomplishment of her own wishes. Thus it came to pass that a character remarkable for being unsettled, violent in its vicissitudes, and variable in its purposes, suddenly became singularly consistent.

Hitherto she had been actuated more by impulses than motives; but the impulse and the motive being now in conjunction, propelling and drawing in the same direction, the effect

corresponded to an union of their powers. Her conduct presented the same ardour by which it had ever been distinguished ; but, instead of being desultory and violent, it was uniform and intense, as if something like fascination made her reckless of consequences. The indecorum of the interest she manifested in the inquiry, was an instance of the ascendancy which feeling had acquired over reason. Yet, from her subsequent actions, it might have been inferred that she obeyed neither.

It was some time after she was admitted into the Chapter-house, as on the preceding day, before the procession of the members entered ; and when they did, the sitting was then opened. The Abbot read his recent instructions from the Bishop, and then mentioned that the young Baron of Rublestein was in custody, thereby intimating that his previous examination was superseded, and that their attention should be directed more to ascertain his heresy, with a view to punishment, than to afford him any op-

portunity of extenuating his errors, indirectly intimating that the Session was original.

Orders were then given for Henry to be brought in; and when he appeared, all those who had seen him the preceding day, in the pride and panoply of his rank, were astonished at the change. For his gay apparel, he wore a dress of simple materials, and no badge which served to distinguish him from other men. For his crest and feathers, he carried a common cap in his hand, and his look was that of one who had suffered from bodily anguish, so great had been his mental anxiety.

We are not permitted to imagine that he had undergone any treatment during the night, to produce the alteration in his appearance; but the coarse and lowly cast of his dress troubled many with strange thoughts, especially when it was observed that his looks were none daunted, and all about him betokened a proud and resolute mind, which, with a noble elasticity, repelled oppression.

## CHAPTER XL.

" Even such a man  
Drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night."

In the mean time, no particular event had occurred at the Castle of Rublestein. The increased gloom of the Baroness and Matilda was rather a thing of growth than an event. The old Baron's antipathy to the friars had certainly strengthened; he spoke of them with bitterness, but he was too busy with attending to his war-like preparations to think much about them. It was, however, inferred that his fears had accumulated in the night; for he increased to double their number the retinue and guards

which were to go for his son. Perhaps, in so doing, he did not act very wisely, because the measure betrayed anxiety: nevertheless, as Henry had directed, the retainers were called out, and arraying themselves on the platform without the Castle-gate, the old man, excited with a father's anxieties told them to be steady and vigilant, as if any such orders were necessary to veterans disciplined in many a well-fought field.

While thus employed with the men, several yeomen passed and informed him of what was going on at the Monastery—how an attempt had been made to exclude the people—the altered appearance before the Chapter of the young Baron,—and the fire-and-faggot orders which the Abbot had received from the Bishop.

The old man affected great indifference to these portentous tidings; but it was observed that his complexion became wan, his nether-lip quivered, and that there was a ray of alarm in



the flash of his eye. However, he made no pause in his preparations, but coolly and collectedly continued to marshal the retainers.

Suddenly, however, when the arrangements were nearly complete, he directed his own charger to be brought forth ; and, as if such a thing would attract no notice or deserve it, he said with apparent carelessness that he would himself head the band, for that the monks were not accustomed to the ways of soldiers, and might unintentionally provoke bickerings ; and he added, that he was surprised his friend the Abbot had not informed him of the proceedings, saying, with something like pathos in his accent, that he had never thought to be called on to unsheath the sword again. But his words only indexed the fears that were rising in his mind, and which seemingly he ought to have suppressed ; for there was no visible indication that the fraternity of St. Michael's anticipated any interference of the secular power, or in the slightest degree apprehended that their pro-

ceedings required protection, or were liable to resistance.

Before the preparations for the march were quite complete, a young man, who in his haste had come panting and bare-headed to the spot, cried out, wildly—

“ It is too late, it is too late !”

The Baron, whose back was towards him, turned quickly round ; but before he could inquire what he meant, the young man staggered and fell breathless at his feet.

The commotion which this accident produced was soon, however, arrested by a number of persons coming on the path from the Monastery, crying and waving their caps, as if they invoked the soldiers to make haste.

“ In the name of all the saints,” cried the old man, “ what means this ?”

But before an answer could be given, the affrightened fugitives cried out that the trial was over, and the young Baron condemned. In the same moment the veterans, who were stand-

ing by their horses, unbidden placed themselves in an attitude for mounting, and for some time every one was silent.

“What did you say?” exclaimed the old soldier to the person who had delivered the news.

With a voice of awe and consternation, the words were repeated. The old man, on hearing them, endeavoured to walk a few paces; but his limbs shook under him, and turning round, hastily gave, as it it were, unconsciously, the command to the veterans to mount, and snatching the bridle of his charger agitatedly from the groom who held it, placed his foot in the stirrup to ascend; but he trembled so much that he slipped and nearly fell forward. When he was raised by those nearest, he drew his hand over his eyes, and cried—

“God help me! I am too old. What has he done, my poor boy, that they have condemned him?”

The simplicity with which this was said, and his aged, tottering appearance, as if he felt he

should forego to mount his charger, touched every one around with such pity that many burst into tears.

What afterwards passed in his own mind can only be guessed, but, saying.—

“It is too late, and we must know more of what has passed,” told the retainers that they might disperse, and walked slowly and down-cast through the gateway.

The soldiers were not, however, satisfied; some of them at once mounted their horses, and rode furiously towards the Monastery; the greater part, however, of those who had come from the field of Pavia with their old leader gathered into a knot, and with vehement gestures and loud voices declared their intention to remain where they were till the Baron had made up his mind. While they were thus speaking a shriek of a female was heard from the interior of the Castle, and suspended their resolute declamations for a time, presently many of those who had gathered as spectators

to enjoy the feudal spectacle took the path with hurried steps that led to the Monastery.

In the mean time, the bell of the Castle was wildly rung, and on the highest tower, where a beacon was always ready, the warden was observed with a torch : he stooped forward, and presently a wreath of smoke began to ascend, spreading alarm and a summons to all the vassals.

In the course of a few minutes the signal was answered from every direction ; tower and mountain, seemed to partake of the dread. The whole adjacent country was astir, and many minutes had not elapsed from the firing of the signals till the vassals were seen coming in.

Still the old Baron did not return from the interior, nor was there any message sent out to the assembling vassals ; a circumstance that excited great attention, investing the confusion with a mystery ; for the feminine shriek was recollected, and no one could divine from whom it came or the evil of its bodement.

## CHAPTER XLI.

“Ring the alarm-bell.”

THE result of the trial, though it grieved, did not surprise the Abbot; he knew the bravery of the young Baron, and that he was of a temper that would harden under the measures which the majority of the Chapter had determined to adopt against him.

They saw that, in calling him before them, they had committed an inadvertency, and, like the generality of mankind who do so, thought that the best way of getting out of that error was, instead of turning back, to persevere.

When they beheld the crowd assembling

round the Monastery, their fears were roused, and more attention was, in consequence, given to the violent exhortations of Father Dominick than they would perhaps otherwise have obtained. But it was not apprehended that they would have proceeded to extremities, and the Abbot trusted that some accident would interpose before sentence would be given: he was, however, disappointed.

Henry adhered to his new faith, and exasperated the enmity of many in the Chapter, by demanding how they could justify persecution by any principles of the Christian religion. His appeal was, however, of no avail; he was found guilty of being a heretic, and condemned to be burnt alive.

He heard the sentence undismayed; perhaps his countenance even expressed indignation; but the audience gave a howl of horror, and the lady Gertrude, who had heard it, fearfully clasping her temples, rushed wildly from her seat and disappeared. The members of the

Chapter, in a kind of precipitous consternation, also hurried from their places, leaving only the Abbot and the condemned martyr behind.

Without any apparent agitation, the Abbot, descending from his lofty seat, walked towards the door ; but, before retiring, he turned round and looked at the victim for a moment. It was expected by all the spectators, who still kept their places, that he would speak, but he had not the power ; for, suddenly giving vent to his tears, he hastily withdrew, and retired to his own parlour, where Father Dominick and several other rigorous members of the tribunal were waiting to receive him.

By this time he had recovered his self-possession, and his sorrow was heightened to a more indignant feeling.

“ Brothers,” cried he, as he entered, “ this is a rash proceeding ; I do not say you have done wrong, but we have been deserted by our caution. We have made no preparation for what has taken place ; do you think that Baron



Rublestein will not oppose the execution of your terrific sentence? where is the force to defend the Monastery, which, assuredly, he will burn to the ground? Madmen! how will you save yourselves?"

Father Dominick, and those that were with him, looked at one another, and were unable to answer. The choler of the Abbot still increased, and he acrimoniously cried out with passion—

"Fools! you trust in heaven and the saints; did ever heaven or the saints interfere when human means were neglected? Rash bigots! you have ruined what you would save—but I will do my duty; instantly expresses shall be sent to the Elector for troops to defend us."

With these words, he hastily left the room, and sent as quietly as possible several messengers to bring reinforcements, and, seeking for Count Manhim, he gave him, as an unprofessed person, the military charge of the Monastery.

In this business, the Count felt himself as it were restored to his element, and the effect of his wounds only exalted his military enthusiasm.

“My business,” said he, “is to defend the Monastery to the utmost against the assault expected from Baron Rublestein. I will do so; but I had rather it had been against any other man, and to secure any other than one I admire so much as his son.”

The Abbot was greatly grieved, but determined to do his duty without unnecessary cruelty. In virtue of the powers with which he was entrusted, he issued orders that the prisoner should receive every possible indulgence, and be accessible to all he wished himself to see, but, without his own permission, no one might intrude. The humanity, indeed, of the Abbot was awake to all his own disagreeable circumstances; and the decision of his character, called out by the incident, not only would not falter in what he conceived to be right, but would exercise the full authority irresponsible within his

house. Accordingly, towards Father Dominick and his friends, conscious of his own rectitude, he made no scruple of openly acknowledging his disgust at their violence.

Besides doing all in his power to mitigate the penalties of the prisoner's situation, he directed a confidential servitor of the Monastery to inform the old Baron of his unaltered respect, and his grief at the turn which an inquisition intended to assuage headlong zeal had taken. But the messenger had not advanced many hundred yards towards the Castle, when he met the old Baron on horseback, attended by all his vassals; and to prove his determination, there was a special band who, for their swords and spears, carried torches.

The Baron heard the message in silence; but it had no other effect than in making him look back and call aloud on his numerous followers to advance, and surround the Monastery. At first he ordered the Abbot's messenger to be seized as a prisoner; but, as if to show the

deep workings of his mind, he almost immediately directed him to be relieved.

“Go back,” said he, “to your wolves in sheep’s clothing, and tell them that, unless they send out my son scatheless, not one stone shall be left above another of their bloody den.”

Allowing the servitor to return, he resumed his march.

But while he was within a short distance of the gates which Count Manhim had ordered to be closed, a detachment of the Electoral forces appeared in sight.

Without any preface, the old Baron rode towards the commander, and inquired if he had received orders to defend the Monastery.

Surprised at the question, the officer acknowledged that he had not, but had only come at the Abbot’s summons.

“Then,” said the old man, “you must take your orders from me. In this territory I am lord paramount, though my services are pledged to the Elector, and I have yet to learn that churchmen may command soldiers.”

He would admit no reply, but commanded the troops to march in the rear of his own forces ; and at the same time sent forward a messenger to announce to the Abbott what he had done, again demanding the restoration of his son.

In such a predicament the Abbot was not a character to quail in his duties ; he heard the tidings unmoved, and only directed Count Man- him to strengthen, by every means in his power, the defences of the Monastery, to gain time.

## CHAPTER XLII.

“ Kennel the whirlwind,  
Bind me the wave.”

THE Lady Gertrude, in flying distracted from the Chapter-house, took refuge in the first open apartment that she saw, and, with constitutional violence, abandoned herself for some time to a tempest of despair. The condemnation of Henry, though it had crossed her mind as a possibility, she had never imagined would really take place, and all her machinations were dissolved into thin air.

For a long time she was inconsolable, and she was also uninterrupted in her sorrow by aught but the sympathy of her attendant maidens.

In time, however, her grief—wild, weltering, and furious as it had been—began to subside; and, startled by strange noises without, which were heard arising from the beleaguering force at the gates, she inquired from what cause the unusual sounds proceeded.

When informed that it was from the Baron's assembled vassals, and that he was there, she raised herself into the attitude of listening, and after a short time, with a pallid calmness more impressive than grief, started from her seat, and required the attendance of Father Dominick, to whom she properly ascribed the direful issue of the day.

When he entered the room, she wildly grasped him by both hands, and demanded if there were no way of interposing to save the victim.

Father Dominick was by this time again alarmed, and, afraid of the effects of his own work, like the savage that fires the forest and sees the spreading of the conflagration he intended only for a tree, replaced her gently in a chair, and said, with a softened tone—

“ The Chapter had no alternative, because he adhered to his heresies ; but the Abbot has given instructions to mitigate his imprisonment ; and, as no time is yet fixed for the execution, perhaps it may prove that his errors proceed but from a temporary hallucination.”

Without particularly remarking the words which Father Dominick had made use of, softened both in accent and meaning by his apprehensions, she exclaimed—

“ Ah ! why were you so ardent against him ? but for you, a more merciful spirit would have ruled the Chapter.”

Father Dominick did not quite relish her insinuation ; but, at the time, overawed by many considerations, and particularly by thinking of the force which surrounded the Monastery, he replied—

“ Madam, you speak as if this were a human affair.”

“ No, no, it is not human,” cried the lady.

“ But it is,” continued he, “ a trial in which



heaven and hell put in their respective claims to the possession of an everlasting soul; and, by the evidence, we could not do otherwise than give the award to hell!"

"Hoary wretch!" exclaimed the lady, driving the old man with her utmost strength away, and uplifting her hands in astonishment—"Blasphemer! to imagine that heaven and hell would ever bring their suit to the arbitration of a tribunal of men—of such men, too, where thou, doting driveller, wast the predominant."

The vehemence of her action, and the impassioned violence with which she spoke, combined with the other causes that cowed Father Dominick to make him shrink before her; but, instead of quitting the apartment, he looked at her as if in dread of some terrible manifestation. Her two maids, who were still in the room, flew apart, and with inexpressible alarm also regarded her with the silence of statues.

After a short pause, sinking her voice to a low but emphatic tone, she inquired again—

"Is there no hope?"

Father Dominick, whose innate pride of self never suffered an eclipse, seeing her, as he supposed, more calm, said, with a timidity in his voice that was not in his heart,—

“ There can be none till he recant ; he is a victim.”

“ Aye,—yes, a victim : that I know.”

Regardless of her interruption he continued :

“ He has been deceived by the demons incarnated, in the semblance of those Lutherans, and is not himself an apostle, preaching the doctrines of perdition.”

The afflicted lady again mounting, at this speech, into a whirlwind of rage, stamped wildly with her foot and cried,—

“ Avaunt, inhuman ! hast thou no mercy for mankind ? Avaunt ! horrible ! I dare not, monster, call thee man.”

Father Dominick would have spoken to her once more, but she exclaimed, “ Does Heaven permit its curses to take form ?—Yes, yes ; it is in the design of Providence that the hemlock

should flourish as the rose, and be as proud of its spital breath as the other is of its perfume. Go, hideous, go!—thou curse and cursed, go!”

At these frantic words the bigot quitted the apartment; and Gertrude, exhausted with her delirium, sunk insensible on a seat. Her maids ran to her assistance, and by their endeavours soon recovered her; but when recalled to her senses, the paroxysm which had so shaken her was gone; and with a pathetic accent, she said, in a humble and diffident tone—

“Alas! it is well ordered that women should not walk the high ways of life: we are too prone to think of only what affects our individual self. This imperturbable old man does his required duty even to the burning, without one compunctious feeling, because he thinks duty requires him to put on an iron nature; but I am again becoming forgetful of myself. Go, one of you, and bid the Abbot come; I am too apt to rush into extremes, and be as lightning flashing in the storm. Go, bid the

good man come to me, for my soul is sick, and I know not what I do or what I say. Mysterious Heaven ! is there then danger in too truly speaking truth ?”

One of her attendants immediately left the room to solicit the Abbot to come to her mistress. Not aware of the commotion which at that time filled the court of the Monastery, she was long of finding a servitor to whom she could deliver her message ; and, awed by the crowd, murmuring and moving to and fro in the area, she stopped at the head of the stairs, when she did find one, till he would return.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

“ God help me !”

THE Count Windelshaim, who commanded the first detachment of troops that arrived in obedience to the Abbot's summons, was a much younger man than the Baron Rublestein, and held a considerably lower rank in the Elector's army. He was, in consequence, not having orders to the contrary, bound to obey the afflicted veteran. But he had not long led his troops to the rear, as directed, than he learned that it was against the Baron's force that he might be required to act. At first he had supposed, when he saw the vassals of Rublestein

in arms, that they had come for the same purpose he had brought his own.

When he ascertained the truth he withdrew his men to a little distance, and went up himself towards the old man, who was arranging his phalanx for an assault.

“ I cannot,” said Count Windelshaim, “ act with you, Baron, in this work of vengeance—my duty is only to obey the Elector ; unless you have received orders from him for what you do, I can only in the mean time remain neutral.”

The veteran made no other reply to this than a kind of waving of his right hand, which betokened sadness, saying, at the same time,—

“ True, true, draw off your men ; my force is sufficient, if justice may be permitted to revisit the earth.”

Count Windelshaim was exceedingly affected by the manner of so old and renowned a captain, and he thought of the aged Priam, in the tale of Troy, feebly flinging his javelin at Pyrrhus ; for he apprehended that in a little time an over-

whelming force would render the efforts of the poor infirm old man ineffectual.

Besides sympathy, another cause had perhaps some influence on the Count; he had been led to examine the Lutheran doctrines, and could not be said to be a very strenuous advocate of the clergy, though not quite a reformer.

After retiring apart, the old man resumed the distribution of his forces to attack the Monastery. Count Manhim, to his demand for the liberation of Henry, declared that his orders were not to give up the young Baron, and to defend the Monastery to the uttermost.

This reply left no alternative, and in the course of a short time a general assault would have ensued; but as the soldiers were preparing to bring up their battering-engines against the walls, a strong second detachment of the Electoral forces came in sight. On their arrival, Baron Rublestein heard, with feelings which may be conceived but not described, that it was a much superior force to his own, and

commanded by the Count Guilderhaggan, a superior officer to himself, and one who was distinguished for his enmity against the new creed. He was, moreover, a coarse illiterate man, greatly superstitious, and addicted to many of those dark artifices which the vulgar consider as sorceries, but which have their origin with those who discern the weaknesses of men, and inherit from nature the keys of character.

When the Baron was informed of Count Guilderhaggan's approach, he dropped the point of his sword helplessly on the ground, and unable to suppress his tears, cried out in a tone of mingled grief and devotion,—

“Almighty Heaven! thy hand is in this work, and will prevail; to thee I commit my cause.”

He then slowly drew off his vassals and retainers, and allowed the Count's forces to occupy the ground.

When he had done this he retired to some



little distance from his men, attended by one of his officers, on whose shoulder he wept bitterly, crying,—

“I have lived too long; the world that I was born into hath passed away, and these things are strange to me.”

HAVING indulged for some time in this passionate overflow of sorrow, he became more calm, and walked a few paces from his officer, who was too much affected to offer any consolation; but the genius of the veteran warrior returned, his tears were soon wiped, his step became firmer, and there was a glow on his countenance, as if new life were reviving in his heart.

“This womanishness will not alter the frown of fortune,” said he; “something that I cannot predict is wanted to save my son—the task Heaven has reserved to itself—if he is to die, God’s will be done! but I need no longer remain here. Give orders,” said he to the officer,

“for the men to march back to the Castle; I leave the issue to Providence.”

In the mean time the Baroness and Matilda were in the utmost anxiety and distress. It was the mother's shriek, when the Baron told her that Henry was condemned, which was heard so wild and woeful at the Castle; nor was the subsequent transactions there calculated to allay their fears.

To both ladies the event, from its novelty, seemed impossible. Matilda, of a mild and gentle disposition, heard it with a sadness that partook of amaze; she wept, but sorrow was not what she felt, it implied too moderate a grief; but it seemed to those who knew not the acuteness of her sensibility, the only epithet that could be applied to what so mild and confiding a creature experienced.

The Baroness was a more various, and in many respects energetic, person; her first feeling, when she heard the dismal news, was ma-

ternal terror ; but the fit did not last long, and she exclaimed against the insolence of the pampered priesthood, and prophesied that, by the infatuation of their pride, they would provoke the world to crush them—for she, like her husband, could not see the doctrinal distinctions between the Lutherans and the dogmas of the Pope and Cardinals.

With this feeling, when she exhorted the Baron to wrench their son from the fangs of the inquisitors, she did not imagine that she was inflaming any resentment against the principles of her religion. She was, in fact, one of those who unconsciously look more to the elements of things than to their forms ; and it did not enter into her conceptions that Henry, by declaring himself a proselyte to the Lutheran creed, became less a Christian ; nor did it seem to her at all sacrilegious to invest the Monastery to extort the restoration of her son ; on the contrary, she regarded the whole affair as a mere temporal

concern, and sheathed not her indignation in  
condemning the arrogance which, in her opinion,  
the Chapter of St. Michael's had ventured to  
assume.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

"I'll see himself—by the eternal God,  
His blood be on them who impede the way."

THE arrival of Count Guilderhaggan with his troops, and the retirement of the Baron and his vassals, had a great effect on the inmates of the Monastery. Those who had voted the condemnation of Henry, and particularly Father Dominick, recovered their wonted confidence, insomuch that the reverend father had the courage to request the Abbot that a Te Deum should be celebrated in the chapel for the visible interference of St. Michael and the other saints, in sending such effectual aid, thereby demonstrating their approval of the dreadful sentence.

The Abbot was too much engrossed with the anxieties of his own mind to refuse this ecclesiastical request; and, accordingly, the mass was sung, and a reinforcement of Count Guilderhaggan's men received into the Monastery.

At this juncture the request of the Lady Gertrude was conveyed to the Abbot; and, judging from his own feelings, he sympathized with her distraction, and notified to the messenger that he would attend.

As the perplexities of his situation multiplied, the development of his character became more apparent; but his power over the minds of his fraternity he saw diminished. He grew, however, more bold, firm, and worldly in what he said and did; but, to his dismay, he beheld the star of Father Dominick in the ascendant, and that, over more of the brotherhood than he had imagined, the lurid superstitions of that inexorable monk were not only influential but implicitly obeyed.

The frame of mind with which he went to

the lady was to himself troubled with anxious thought, and it was more out of respect for herself than with any intention to appease her agitation with hope that he obeyed.

On entering the apartment, where she was sitting with her maidens in profound grief, subject to flashes of indignation that often frightened her from her propriety, his appearance was strikingly solemn; but she did not allow him long to remain in doubt of her motive for requesting to see him.

“I find,” said she, “that although you cannot pardon, you have yet given orders to mitigate the penalties of the prisoner’s situation.”

“I have,” replied the Abbot, “nor do I hesitate to say that he has been too rashly sentenced; it is but my duty as a Christian man to lessen his afflictions in life—some higher power may interpose to save him.”

“Will you, my lord,” exclaimed Gertrude, “give me permission to visit him? it is all now

that I crave for the love I have long in secret borne.”

The Abbot gave a slight start at her request : he knew her character, and he was averse to disturb that tranquillity which could only be attained by the convicted in solitude, and he replied :—

“ It depends upon himself to admit you— I could only prevent the obtrusion of the over-zealous by giving to himself the right of seeing whom he chose—no reservation could be made in the order.”

A short pause then ensued, which the Abbot broke by pensively inquiring if he could in any other way oblige her.

His manner was arid and gloomy, but it was nevertheless very affecting—no sharp-sighted knowledge of human nature was requisite to convince even a cursory observer that his solemnity sprung not from morose thoughts, but from inability to overcome the harsh circumstances with which he was environed.



The Lady Gertrude, with more composure than it was imagined by those who knew her thought she could command, respectfully thanked him for having come so promptly to her bidding; and bade him adieu, with a degree of emphasis that prevented him from going. After a short interval he repeated,—

“ It is not in my power to evade the execution of the doom; but for several days I may procrastinate a sentence at once so terrible and rare. In the mean time the ill-fated young man may discern the prudence of retracting, in some particulars, what has drawn down upon his head the wrath and power by which we are so oppressed.”

At these words the Lady Gertrude clasped her hands together, and with her eyes upturned to Heaven, seemed uttering an inward prayer. When it was done, she waved her hand in silence for the Abbot to leave her. Respectfully bowing, he withdrew.

What had passed in her mind we can only

imagine, for she gave it no utterance, her attention at the moment being drawn to the entrance of Father Dominick.

Somewhat surprised at his intrusion she stepped back to her seat, and with an offended air, sat down without speaking; but he, none abashed by her resentment, still came forward.

There was an air of importance about him; he had felt himself elevated in the opinion of the old and obdurate of his brethren, and mistook their deference for an acknowledgment of superior wisdom.

“ I am come, Madam,” said he, “ to inform you, that it is yet possible to save the unhappy heretic from the stake.”

“ How ! how ! ” cried she, starting impatiently from her seat.

“ If his reprobation could be subdued, some more gentle sentence might be substituted for the doom he has provoked. Cannot you, Lady, see him, and urge him to repent? I may say this now, for we are safe in the midst of the

little distance from his men, attended by one of his officers, on whose shoulder he wept bitterly, crying,—

“I have lived too long; the world that I was born into hath passed away, and these things are strange to me.”

Having indulged for some time in this passionate overflow of sorrow, he became more calm, and walked a few paces from his officer, who was too much affected to offer any consolation; but the genius of the veteran warrior returned, his tears were soon wiped, his step became firmer, and there was a glow on his countenance, as if new life were reviving in his heart.

“This womanishness will not alter the frown of fortune,” said he; “something that I cannot predict is wanted to save my son—the task Heaven has reserved to itself—if he is to die, God’s will be done! but I need no longer remain here. Give orders,” said he to the officer,

“for the men to march back to the Castle; I leave the issue to Providence.”

In the mean time the Baroness and Matilda were in the utmost anxiety and distress. It was the mother's shriek, when the Baron told her that Henry was condemned, which was heard so wild and woeful at the Castle; nor was the subsequent transactions there calculated to allay their fears.

To both ladies the event, from its novelty, seemed impossible. Matilda, of a mild and gentle disposition, heard it with a sadness that partook of amaze; she wept, but sorrow was not what she felt, it implied too moderate a grief; but it seemed to those who knew not the acuteness of her sensibility, the only epithet that could be applied to what so mild and confiding a creature experienced.

The Baroness was a more various, and in many respects energetic, person; her first feeling, when she heard the dismal news, was ma-

ternal terror ; but the fit did not last long, and she exclaimed against the insolence of the pampered priesthood, and prophesied that, by the infatuation of their pride, they would provoke the world to crush them—for she, like her husband, could not see the doctrinal distinctions between the Lutherans and the dogmas of the Pope and Cardinals.

With this feeling, when she exhorted the Baron to wrench their son from the fangs of the inquisitors, she did not imagine that she was inflaming any resentment against the principles of her religion. She was, in fact, one of those who unconsciously look more to the elements of things than to their forms ; and it did not enter into her conceptions that Henry, by declaring himself a proselyte to the Lutheran creed, became less a Christian ; nor did it seem to her at all sacrilegious to invest the Monastery to extort the restoration of her son ; on the contrary, she regarded the whole affair as a mere temporal

concern, and sheathed not her indignation in  
condemning the arrogance which, in her opinion,  
the Chapter of St. Michael's had ventured to  
assume.

wished-for concession, and to spare humanity the stain that must attach to it from the perpetration of your doom.

The young Baron stood silent several minutes, and then said,—

“ In what will that be of any avail to you ? ”

It was not very obvious what he meant by the question ; but it would appear that it was not entirely misunderstood ; for she said,—

“ Ah ! you know not what is in a woman’s heart. Could I survive, and know that greedy flames had consumed you ? No, Henry ; all my reward will be in the reflection that my love has snatched you as the brand from the burning.”

This was said in a simple, interesting tone ; and Henry did not affect to disguise his emotion, as he replied,—

“ I have nothing but gratitude to offer ; if I live and be again set free, my truth is pledged to Matilda.”

“ So I have heard, so I have heard,” re-

peated the lady ; and Henry, greatly moved, added,—

“ But I cannot change ; our vows are pledged to each other !”

Something in this expression touched the disease of her character, and she exclaimed,—

“ What vows ? has she not renounced her faith ? what vows have any tie on her ?”

Henry replied gently, aware of the lady’s vehement passions,—

“ Matilda has but confessed the error of letting aught human interpose between her and God.”

With a strong effort, Gertrude endeavoured to stifle her rising passion, and cried,—

“ But retract, and live for her.”

Henry started. Hitherto he had not seen the magnanimity which so strangely worked amidst the dross and violence of her feelings ; and, after a pause, replied,—

“ It is too late ; my part and cares in this



world are now done. Good night; I can no longer think of aught in life. Spare me, Good night; farewell!"

And he led her to the door with firmness, and the air of a martyr preparing for the stake. She, as if under some influence of a blessed spell, in contrast to her usual character, walked serenely away; but the effort could not be continued long. At the door she pressed his hand, and with a wild irruption, as it may be called, of all the combustion in her bosom, she uttered a loud, mirthless shout of delirious laughter, and suddenly disappeared.

The young Baron then returned, with a composed but sadden visage; he lifted the book which he had been reading, and endeavoured to resume the perusal. The attempt was unavailing, and he threw himself back in his chair, looking upwards, and struggled with sorrow.

For some time he sat in this rapt and pathetic posture, and then rose and, walked

thoughtfully across the room. When he stopped, the words came from him as if they were themselves possessed of a will over which he had no authority.

“ I thought,” said he, “ I had severed myself from all earthly obligations ; this unhappy woman has made me sensible of that fallacy. In secrecy, silence, and solitude, and sentenced as I am, the mind may calmly resolve to die ; but if aught of life again breaks in, the resolution is dissolved. That which the Abbot meant for kindness, has proved most cruel pain. Alas ! I feel myself once more too much of the earth to be yet ripe for heaven.”

While he was thus expressing himself involuntarily, the evening shadows were beginning to spread along the floor, and the apartment to darken into twilight. Several lights could be seen from the windows. It was that grey hour when the freest and the happiest are apt to recal dismal reminiscences ; but he was

not long allowed to ruminate uninterrupted, for the door of the room was again opened, and, muffled, as it were, in the gloom, the Abbot himself came forward.

“ I come not,” said he, “ to disturb you, nor shall I long remain here ; you have heard what the Lady Gertrude had to tell ; I can but repeat what I wished her to convey.”

The young Baron bowed in silence, and the Abbot continued :—

“ I know not, as one belonging to the church, that I may unblamed be here ; but my heart tells me. as a man, that my visit is Christian and charitable. All that can be done to delay the execution will be done ; but much is not in my power ; for the Electoral troops come from all quarters, and the house is surrounded with more than sufficient guards ; they have not, however, yet received the Elector’s command to be at my bidding ; but no impediment now can avert your doom, if you continue to adhere with

that bravery to your new opinions which the Chapter could not but condemn. Alas ! young man, try if there can be any concession.”

Henry shook his head mournfully ; and the Abbot, without waiting for any other answer, hastily withdrew.

## CHAPTER XLVI..

“ If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly.”

THE news of the proceedings at the Monastery spread around the whole country almost as rapidly as the blaze of the signal-fires. Men did not anticipate any sentence like that which the Chapter, in its character of Inquisitors, had awarded; and the esteem in which the young Baron was universally held made every one who heard the tidings amazed at the boldness of the clergy. Had he been less beloved for his personal qualities, no doubt the sympathy would have been weaker; and, perhaps, had he been an ordinary person, it might have been regretted

that he had the imprudence to incur the persecution. But many things contributed to awaken the feelings of the public. His youth, his celebrated urbanity, his being the last of his line, and the recent return of his renowned father from the wars, all combined to increase the interest in his favour.

It so happened, that although the Electoral forces assembled at the summons of the Abbot, yet when the business they were called upon was known they became lukewarm, and were not slow of expressing their dissatisfaction. Many declared they would not act at all against old Rublestein; and it was adopted as a general resolution, that, until the special orders of the Elector were received, they would only preserve the peace. There was, indeed, one exception among the officers to this benevolent determination. Count Guilderhaggan saw the transaction in a different light from his brethren; and although compelled, by the usages of military subordination, to suppress the ex-

pression of his dissent, he was only the more riveted in his resolution to stand by the church.

How it came to pass that he was suspected of holding these opinions cannot be explained ; but it was known in the Monastery that he cherished sentiments adverse to his brother officers, and might be relied upon, as far as he could enforce the obedience of his vassals, who were not free from the taint of compassion which had infected all ranks. In consequence, about two hours after sunset, Father Dominick, whose ascendancy in the Monastery was by this time paramount, induced the janitor Bernard to allow him to go forth unknown to Count Guilderhaggan.

The interview between them afforded a sad specimen of the heady spirit that ruled in the transactions of the time.

“ I come,” said the Father, “ to consult with you in private. It can be no longer doubted that the Abbot is, by all devisable means, procrastinating a sentence that Heaven

and earth approve. The army, I understand, will not act without orders from the Elector, and these cannot be obtained for many hours."

Count Guilderhaggan replied morosely, that the hesitation in the troops was a proof that the heresy of Luther sprung from some pestilent epidemic.

"Many of these men," said he, pointing to groups of the soldiers in earnest discourse around, "know not in what the heresy consists, nor what is heresy; but their regard for the very name of Rublestein makes them deaf and blind to the evil, and they incline to the accursed doctrines merely because the Baron's son has declared for them."

"You," said Father Dominick, with a sigh, "have almost, though a soldier, spoken a churchman's truth. The infection, which the young man breeds, proves that it is a poison of no earthly root: why should his fate cause such defection in the men, were there not spirits unseen plying their malignant corruptions with



the credulous heart? If it be, as you say, that the soldiers think the heresy not damnable because it is professed by their minion, the reason for his extirpation is the more palpable. If he were once removed, it would be well—no fire can spread from quenched ashes. In sooth, Count Guilderhaggan, we live in perilous times, and must not trifle with a growing danger.”

The speech of Father Dominick was in unison with the moody meditations of the Count; and after a short, thoughtful silence, he inquired,—

“What preparations have you made for the execution of the sentence within the Monastery? for none are here, and the indecision fosters the sedition that is too ripe?”

“You say well,” cried Father Dominick; “the Abbot evades to give the necessary orders till he is assured of the Elector’s protection, and that the troops will act. Were I Abbot, I would direct the stake to be at once openly planted in front of the gate, even though I might delay the execution till the Elector’s

orders came. I would not let the Church, in such a jeopardy as this, seem less in its heavenly vicegerency than any earthly power."

"You but echo my thoughts," replied the grim Count Guilderhaggan; "but does the Abbot refuse to make the needful preparations?"

"He has not yet refused; in truth, he has not yet been asked."

"Then ask at once."

"But," said Father Dominick, "may he not hesitate on the pretence of what has taken place in the army? We have been told, that till the Electoral orders are received, the officers will not obey the orders of the Abbot."

This was touching the Count on his tenderest point; he had stood alone in the council held by the officers, and grudged that he was there so ineffectual: he, therefore, impatiently exclaimed,—

"But the Elector is firm in his adherence to the Church, and only weak men make a show of

opposition. Tell the Abbot to avoid delay, and plant the stake, that when the orders come, there may be no advantage lost by idle time."

In conversation of this kind, the two men, the sincerest, notwithstanding the darkness of their opinions, in the army and the brotherhood, established a communion of sentiment: but they were interrupted by a considerable movement among the crowd assembled at the gate; many of the armed vassals pressed forward, and there was a general cry that the messenger from the Elector had returned.

Father Dominick, seeing the commotion, went hastily back to the Monastery, and, in obtaining admittance from Bernard, who kept watch at the gate, learned that it was indeed true the messenger had returned; but it was not known what instructions he had brought.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

“ It is not the time—wait ;  
Anon he will be here.”

WHEN the messenger was admitted within the interior of the Monastery it was almost night. In the area the light was perhaps only obscure, but the cloisters around were black with darkness ; nevertheless, such was the general anxiety to hear from the Elector, that as soon as it was known letters were arrived, a rush from all quarters towards the main staircase ensued.

The evening was so far advanced, that although individuals were easily recognized by one another, still their features were so over-

shaded by the gloom, that the feelings by which they were agitated could not be discerned.

The messenger was immediately conducted to the Abbot, who was sitting alone with his lamp newly lighted—a volume, containing the rules of his order and directions for the economy of his house lay before him; it was bound with dark oaken boards, and there was a small crucifix between the leaves, which marked where he had been last reading; the brazen clasps were open, for the crucifix prevented them from being fastened.

The lamp was an ancient curiously twisted iron or black brass utensil; but though the flame from it was not brilliant, the apartment was yet sufficiently illuminated, for, except to the dado, to which a wainscoting of dark oak reached from the floor, the walls were whitened and the ceiling so lofty, that its dusky colour produced no material obscurity; there was, indeed, light enough supplied from without by the two windows, that more than counteracted

the sombre hue of the furniture and ornaments of the room.

The bearer of the letters in appearance was a young man, by his dress seemingly of the higher orders of society ; but an experienced eye could see that he had not been long accustomed to his apparel, and the ear was offended at the vulgarity with which he spoke, betraying his low origin, notwithstanding the trappings with which he was decorated.

On delivering the letters he paused, but the Abbot waved his hand to him and he immediately retired into the crowd which had followed him to the door.

The letters were from Baron Harswesser, the Elector's minister. One of them regarded general matters, and was carelessly thrown aside ; the second stated, with great pomp of phraseology, that when the messenger from the Monastery arrived, the Elector was on his couch fatigued by the effects of a banquet, and no one dared to intrude upon his slumber, assuring

the Abbot, however, that as soon as he might be approached with any matter of business, his request should be instantly submitted to his Highness.

There was a third letter, which, on looking at it, the Abbot bit his lip and seemed to be more struck with its contents. It informed him that the Lutheran heresy was making alarming progress, and that it was to be discussed in a special council that night what measures should be taken to arrest the mania.

These three letters contained nothing conclusive, but the latter something that made him think of what he had to do; and he inferred from the second that he might, in the course of the night, expect decisive instructions; but none of them contained aught that required him to inform the members of the inquisitorial court which had condemned the victim. It did not, however, accord with the temper of the times that he should attach less importance to the letters than the other fathers of the Monastery;

accordingly, while he resolved to suppress their insignificance, he deemed it expedient to assume particular gravity. He, therefore, went to the servitor on the outside of his door, and directed Count Manhim, who had military charge of the buildings, to be instantly summoned.

The Count, from his occasional infirmity when under any excitement, could not be trusted; but it was not known that he was so morbidly affected—so that when the Abbot, merely to keep the minds of the fraternity engaged, bade the Count prepare the stake and plant it in the front of the edifice, he was not aware of the mental effect which such an order was calculated to produce on his diseased mind. The Abbot intended no more than to occupy attention till the letters he expected would arrive, and probably would have communicated his design to the Count; but he observed by his features that he was somewhat then impassioned, and, in consequence, did not make the



communication, deferring it till he might observe the Count's feelings more disengaged.

It thus happened, that when the Count rejoined the friars in the area, and told them what he had been directed to prepare, it was immediately by them all supposed that the Abbot had received full authority to employ the assembled troops to assist in carrying the sentence into execution.

Father Dominick was among those who heard the tidings, and although some timidity of nature still clung to him, his courage to see execution done grew stronger and bolder ; and at his suggestion torches were lighted and a tumultuous throng of fanatics ordered to plant the stake in the open space beyond the gate, and to erect lofty scaffolding for the members of that court who had so meritoriously, in his opinion, vindicated the supremacy of Heaven.

When the work was commenced, the soldiery gathered round the labourers, and for some time witnessed in silence their dismal prepara-

tions, which were the more awful, as they were by torch-light; but the silence and the restraint which the men put upon themselves could not be long maintained; the crowd, as it were, coagulated into bands, and were not remiss in expressing their opinion that the young Baron was to be sacrificed.

This notion was soon followed by action: several of the most intrepid and headstrong of the officers determined to proceed to the Castle, and invoke the old Baron to call again his vassals together; for by this time the fate of Henry had excited almost universal compassion throughout the array around the Monastery. They felt assured, that if the veteran would again come to the spot, he might relieve Henry; for the troops were shaken in their opinion, and the men, they were persuaded, would not act.

It was past midnight when these indignant warriors went towards the Castle, to which, however, they had not proceeded half way when

they met the old man, with all his retinue of neighbours and vassals, coming to the Monastery.

His precise purpose could not be easily, even by himself, explained; grief and ire possessed his mind, and all his equanimity was scattered by his emotion—he only felt that he should be on the spot near his ill-fated son; and yet what he could effect, by being there, was inexplicable.

When approaching the Monastery he beheld the busy workmen and the flaring torches moving to and fro like meteors in a troubled sky; and he became still more dismayed, and, retiring aloof from the multitude, could only weep the beggary of all his hopes.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

“There is no medium for the wakeful mind,  
When care or crime molests the bower of sleep.”

THERE are epochs in life which may be described as exceptions to the general tenor: in ordinary affairs they occasion perplexity; sometimes taking the form, as it were, of unforeseen difficulties; at others, all faith deserts the hope of man, and those who before felt not the confidence which springs from religion, express their conscious helplessness by appealing to Heaven. It was in one of these eddies of fortune, that our dramatis personæ found themselves involved before the Aurora of the following day.

The Abbot, at an early hour, after receiving

the Electoral despatches as described, went to rest. Fatigue and anxiety of mind had combined to make repose needful, and, in consequence, his slumbers were profound. The orders he had given, merely to prevent reflection, were not so serious to himself as they were calculated to be to others; and, accordingly, he lay unmolested by any of the usual visions of a perturbed sleep.

The Lady Gertrude, who, on account of her agitation, was permitted to pass the night in the hospital department of the Monastery, pressed a thorny pillow. When she attempted to shut her eyes, the resolution brought no repose, for the effort banished sleep; and when she did partake of the temporary oblivion, her dreams were wild snatches of tempestuous thought. All night with her, both when awake and when asleep, fancy drifted rudderless on a turbulent sea, where the beacons shone with no assurance of a haven, but only betokened the existence of hidden rocks and shoals.

The young Baron was in a condition greatly

different ; he deemed his destiny was to be fulfilled, and he drew his robe about him with the equanimity of Cæsar. During the main part of the night, he availed himself of the Abbot's indulgence, and directed his janitor not to give admittance to any applicant. His rest was serene, but it was fitful ; for occasionally the infirmity of human nature tugged at his heart, and disturbed the enthusiasm of martyrdom ; but, altogether, he contemplated with calmness the dreadful execution of his sentence, and filled the intervals with solicitations for fortitude to endure his doom.

Father Dominick deemed, by the signal he had seen, that the course he had taken throughout the eventful business was approved by Heaven. The purity of his own motives, and the sincerity of his intentions, justified to himself this sublime conclusion ; still his slumbers were often startled with the sudden glare and the passaging of shapes and shadows, of which the form could not be discerned ; yet, like the vi-

sion of Job, their impress was terrible, even to making him tremble.

Nor did the inmates of the Castle enjoy more tranquillity than those who were visited by the sorceries of the night-mare in the Monastery.

Matilda wept with incessant sorrow ; her couch was unpressed, and sleep had fled from her sad eye-lids, yet there was no violence in her constant grief ; she was like a “ running river.” But it was otherwise with the old Baron and his lady, whose anguish derided consolation. The Baroness, though perfectly persuaded of the innocence of her son, felt as if there were something of ignominy in his fate, and deliriously raved of this circumstance, which made her occasional rhapsodies the more affecting, as the cause of her passion was known to be different. The old man had said nothing, but sat still and apart looking at her ; his lips seemed to mumble without articulation, and he held his clasped hands on his knee, as if he thought it were possible by meditation to avert

the horror: sometimes he started upright and rubbed his forehead as one in imminent difficulty, and then he fell helplessly back in his seat, crying, "God help me!" till at last he resolved to proceed to the Monastery, as he was met by the officers.

But none passed so dread a night as the hermit Ambrose. The visit of Gertrude had, by its strangeness, disturbed him, and the more he thought of it, his mind was the more shaken.

He beheld the kindled beacons with awe and surprise—they convinced him that some dreadful work was proceeding below; but he could see no one to ask what had chanced, or to account for the movements of the hurrying groups towards the Monastery in the valley.

As enthusiasm formed one of the strongest ingredients in his character, it became at last so irrepressible, that, forgetful of his vows as an anchorite, he gradually went down the ravine that led from his dwelling, until he was on the open waste that lay between the Castle and the



## CHAPTER XLIX.

“ He needs the spur.”

As the time drew near, Father Dominick, conceiving that there was some remissness about the Abbot, reminded him that the Elector's order, for which the burning was delayed, would soon be received, and it would therefore be necessary to direct the preparations to proceed.

The Abbott was not pleased with his officious remembrancer, and replied with chagrin :—

“ You seem, holy father, mightily intent to see this dreadful business perpetrated—no doubt your motives are pure and good ; but I frankly

confess that it is to me a bitter chalice; I would rather pass it by."

Father Dominick felt the manner in which this was said tingle through all his frame, and the words dwell in his ear like an undisguised drug on the palate.

"You appear, my lord, averse," said he, "to our just severity; it is an example that will be most salutary in the growing malady of Christendom."

"Father!" cried the Abbot, thinking that he overstepped the etiquettes of their respective conditions; but suddenly checking himself, the other continued:—

"The times require the example, and in such an epoch severity is mercy."

Still more offended by this continued boldness of speech, the Abbot, with emphasis, inquired abruptly—

"How do you know that?"

With some abatement in his freedom, Father Dominick replied—

“ Heaven itself punishes when there is guilt, and in this we are but instruments of its power.”

“ True,” interrupted the Abbot, struck with the remark ; but presently recovering from the perplexity, he added—

“ How do we know that in this work we are not the aggressors, and that, in making us its agents, Heaven is not thereby furthering its own purposes ? The devils are the agents of God.”

Farther Dominick was on his part a good deal at a loss in what way to parry this interrogation, and said that the infallible nature of the church precluded such an idea from arising in his mind.

The Abbot, conscious of having been betrayed into an inadvertent admission that might be turned against himself, said more mildly—

“ In sooth, Father Dominick, I am in this affair too much a man ; the heretic has been from his gambolling childhood to me as a son, and the sin of which he has been found guilty

is worse than a dagger in my heart. I think, too, of his mother,—a lady, who could never impute to him aught but the noblest qualities; and then his poor old father, full of years and glory, so lately come among us from the wars.—For God's sake, Father Dominick, test me not too much.”

This vexation and sorrow, which could not be disguised, pierced the encrusted piety of Father Dominick; and he said, with more humanity than he often seemed to possess—

“It must not, my lord, be thought of in these ways; we have but only the hests of the church to fulfil like soldiers defending a breach.”

“I do not think, Father Dominick,” replied the Abbot, “that I have ever evinced any lack of duty, nor have I shown any desire to interfere with the dictates of other men's consciences. I believe all around are honest: I know I am myself so, but perhaps a little inclined, from habitude, to feel more grieved than many others for what has come to pass.

Father Dominick was unable to make any answer ; but, reverting to the expected letters from the Elector, suggested again the propriety of allowing no unnecessary delay, adding, in a worldly manner, that any procrastination would now prolong suffering.

The Abbot looked at him with a steady eye and a severe countenance for some time, then said, impressively—

“ Father Dominick, you have more than once, during this interview, forgotten the deference due to me, and pressed a suit that humanity may well shrink from. I have pardoned your obtrusion by attributing it to zeal ; but the expression you have just now made use of implies that you expect some species of enjoyment ; no man can lessen the sufferings of another, when it is by making him endure the worst that can befall him. You stand in need, unconsciously I trust, to the rebuke of a few plain words. Go, Sir, to your cell, and when I receive the orders of the Elector, I will then require your attendance.”

Father Dominick was thunderstruck, the colour fled his cheeks, a gangrene hue occupied its place, his lips grew white and quivered, he tried to speak, but his mouth and throat were parched. The Abbot, seeing the effect of his words, but offended that he should still linger, added—

“Go, I can have no further communication with you till the time appointed arrives.”

Father Dominick then tottered to his own cell, with a bewildered vacancy of look; he had not conceived it possible to have merited in any way the chastisement thus inflicted, and wondered for a moment under what delusion he had been acting. It was only, however, for a moment; his pride returned re-exasperated, and a crimson flush suddenly succeeded the tinge of mortification, allied to that of self-disgust, which had been spread on his countenance.

When alone, he gave the reins to his anger, and two or three times the thought crossed his mind to accuse the Abbot of being a favourer of

the heresies ; but the natural timidity of the man, which his secluded life had prevented from being observed, as often checked this bold badness of resentment. When the first flush of passion subsided, he knelt before a crucifix, and humbly besought help and instruction.

The Abbot, after Father Dominick had retired, reflected on his suggestions, and justly regarding him as representing an undivulged class of churchmen, acknowledged to himself the painful expediency of attending to their opinions ; but, still reluctant to go faster in an irretraceable business than he had himself considered, he resolved to abide by his previous determination, though at the same time fully aware that consistency and firmness should be preserved in appearance. While ruminating in this manner, Count Manhim entered his apartment.

## CHAPTER L.

“ ——See you that!—  
What? ——”

IN the mean time the Lady Gertrude had undergone a great change. It could not, in truth, be said that she had in any way been accessory to the sentence of the young Baron; but, in the midst of her impassioned transitions from one extravagant mood to another, the thought flashed upon her that she had been somehow to blame, and it so frequently returned that it ultimately obtained possession of her whole mind. Accordingly, with her constitutional fervency, she could not enough condemn herself, and the effect of her self-upbraid-



ing was in its appearance at variance with her wonted vicissitudes of temper.

She rose long before the dawn of day from her sleepless couch, on which dressed but dishevelled she had flung herself; she spoke not to her two ladies, but walked up and down the apartment, wringing her hands, uttering no words.

The ladies sat apart in silence, looking at her, presenting a spectacle more affecting than if they had indulged in tears.

After some time had elapsed, she suddenly stopped, and exclaimed—

“Why do I linger in this place? I cannot assuage the flames that will consume him. I should conceal myself in the abysses of the earth. Rise, maidens, rise; we will return to Uper before it is light.”

The ladies, without speaking, instantly prepared for their departure. Accustomed to her caprice, they were not surprised at the abruptness of her resolution; but they beheld with

awe the alteration in her appearance and manners.

Having ordered her palfrey to the gate, she descended, and, without noticing any of the inmates of the Monastery, she proceeded with the intention of returning home ; but, not aware of the preparations in progress in front of the gate, she paused, as it were, in the act of stepping out.

She beheld, in the grey of the morning, the open space around crowded with the vassals of the different feudal chiefs, who had come to defend the Monastery, and many torches flaring to and fro, and a busy multitude planting railings to keep off the crowd. At a little distance was seen a large black object, to which the lingering obscurity of the night gave a strange and mysterious form. This was the scaffold, with seats for the members of the inquisition, consisting of selected individuals from the Chapter ; in front was a stake planted in the

ground, on which a chain was loosely twisted ; on the one side lay a pile of faggots.

She looked at these spectacles with a bewildered eye, turning to the right and to the left—all before her was a chaos. She essayed to speak, but her emotion strangled the words, and, after a wild effort, rushed screaming from the gate, till she was at a considerable distance from the scene of preparation. Her attendants, with the horses, followed, but she did not immediately mount ; the haste with which she had quitted the gate rendered her breathless, and she was obliged in consequence to pause. It was at this moment the old Baron with his retainers came up, and seeing her there, and the distraction too visible in her looks, dismounted and came towards her.

To those who do not discriminate between manners and character, their interview must have been singularly impressive ; for it was then peculiar to the habits of persons in the

higher conditions of life to environ themselves individually with forms and etiquettes, that necessarily gave to them an air of great stiffness; but still the force of nature remained undiminished: mankind felt as strongly then as they do now, but it was the fashion of the age not so frankly to express their feelings.

Baron Rublestein, giving his horse to a groom, notwithstanding his mental agitation, advanced to the lady with cap in hand, and even with something almost like a smile on his countenance.

On seeing him she appeared less restrained; the vivacity of her temperament made her always an exception to the general decorum of the age; and, in consequence, making no effort to repress her grief, she went towards him, and wept bitterly on his shoulder.

For some time he made no attempt to speak—indeed he could not, so excited were his feelings—but he stood with the afflicted lady leaning against his arm, while he looked as if

he felt not. When the violence of her grief, at the sight of the old man had in some degree abated, she raised her head, and with a few incoherent words, but of which the sense was obvious, entreated him to go no further.

“Stay,” she cried, “they are preparing—the chain and the stake are there, and a black effigy of the crime.”

“Alas! lady,” said the old Baron, “I am accustomed to sad sights, and should look upon the worst with composure, but——”

He could say no more; a gush of tears interrupted him.

After a short pause, he added,—

“You are leaving this dismal scene;—is there then no hope?”

With a solemn voice, fearfully empasioned, yet low and emphatic, she replied—

“He is not yet at the stake;” deliriously adding, “why does not Heaven, that has the power to save, prevent mankind from such atrocities?”

The old man was unable again to speak, but, taking her courteously by the hand, led her to her palfrey, and signified by his gestures that she should mount. The manner in which this little scene took place cannot be described; for, unless the bystander had been informed of his cause for sorrow, it could not have been imagined that he was in any particular degree affected—so little was his artificial and exterior calmness an index to the turbulence that reigned in his bosom.

The Lady Gertrude instantly mounted, and, with a random and perturbed course, as if her horse partook of her agitation, rode hurriedly homeward, leaving her retinue to follow as they best could.

For some time the Baron stood looking on the ground, and then returning towards his train, remounted his horse, and placed himself at their head. At this moment Count Manhim, hearing of his approach, went to the Abbot to communicate the incident, and to request in-

structions; for he justly inferred that the Baron with his retainers was come back to prevent if possible the hideous ceremony. He had served with the old man in many a field, and to him his character as a brave soldier was well known. It was, therefore, not without apprehension that he heard of his return, particularly as by this time it was generally understood that the other troops had determined to remain, if not neutral, entirely defensive, till the Elector's orders were received.

## CHAPTER LI.

“ Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,  
And evil things themselves do rouse.”

COUNT MANHIM, as we have already sufficiently narrated, bore a high character for soldierlike equanimity, but which had been impaired by the effects of his wounds; so that, although he was in reality no longer the same sort of person he had once been, his reputation still survived. It had been remarked, however, during the previous twenty-four hours, that he had evinced a more variable humour than he was suspected of; but still it was not imagined he had suffered any material intellectual injury, especially as all the duties which he was called



upon to undertake for the defence of the Monastery were marked by sagacity and good sense; so much did habit tend to conceal the occasional ebullitions of disease.

On entering the apartment where the Abbot was still standing after his interview with Father Dominick, the Count spoke more alarmedly of Baron Rublestein's approach than might have been expected from a veteran soldier of his experience.

In common with the other inmates of the Monastery, the Abbot entertained from his reputation a high opinion of the Count, and was, in consequence, surprised at the manner in which he described the approach of the Baron.

"I fear," said the Count hurriedly, as he entered the apartment, "that we must prepare for the worst."

"How!" replied the Abbot, taking infection from his apprehensions.

"Baron Rublestein is come back," said he, "with an increase of force; the sign betokens

a resolution on his part that we must provide for."

"I wish, Count," said the Abbot, "that we had not been so hasty in this business; it is a new thing to punish men for their opinions; at least the people of this country are not inured to it; it will kindle a sympathy not soon extinguished."

"That," replied the Count, "is for you, my lord, to think of; but my first duty is to provide against a sudden attack."

The Abbot made no answer, but sat down, and, after a pause, said,—

"This house is much indebted to the Rublestein family. I have been for many years an ever-welcome guest at their Castle; there has not been much in their blood to make them very zealous in their piety; but, as the world goes, few have been more distinguished for practical virtues. I will not attempt to hide from you, Count Manhim, that my heart bleeds:

a little forbearance might have done much—perhaps have spared us from this terrible alternative.”

“ You do not think the sentence unjust ? ” said the Count, with an accent of interrogation.

“ It is according to the laws and canons of the church that heretics should be burned ; the sentence is strictly accordant to the laws and canons ; and the members of the tribunal were unanimous in pronouncing the Baron Henry a heretic ; nor did he himself deny that his opinions were vitally adverse to any which the church tolerates.”

“ Then, being just,” replied the Count, “ it is your business to see the sentence executed. It is, my lord, a hard and cruel task upon you ; but duty is stern, and neither knows mercy, nor pity, nor the social ties. In the camp, a soldier may be called to assist in the execution of his brother ; a son, of his father ; and a father, of his son ; and it would be an end of discipline

were it not so, though a prudent officer, in such a case, would temper the execution by selecting his instruments."

"Count Manhim, there should be some difference between the customs of a warlike camp and those of a holy, peaceful monastery. With you, hard necessity occasions many actions that we dare not but call sins."

"But I have come," interrupted the Count, rather abruptly, "to know your pleasure; for something must instantly be done. Old Rublestein was in his day a gallant soldier, and in no field he ever fought had he a motive for such bravery as the rescue of his son."

The Abbot could not but acknowledge to himself the justness of this sentiment, but it deepened his perplexity; at last he said—

"Delay, Count Manhim, is what I require. Can you inform me how it best may be gained?"

"Oh, yes," said the Count; "we will invite the Baron to a parley with you, and so draw him into the Monastery."

The Abbot started, and said—

“ How may that be done without perfidy ?”

“ Oh, nothing easier,” answered the Count; “ invite him in upon the promise that, after the orders from the Elector have been received, you will give him free exit.”

“ Can that be done ?” said the Abbot, surprised at the proposition.

“ Perfectly ; we shall gain time by it ; at the end of which he will be precisely as if the parley had never taken place.”

“ Are such things common, Count, in armies ?”

“ Not so common as they should be ; but still they are practised, and they rather tend to rub up honour than to stain it.”

“ I would not,” said the Abbot, “ lend my sanction to any treachery ; if you can bring the Baron into the Monastery alone without his men, I’ll do my best to while away the time till we know if the Elector will allow his power to uphold the authority of the church.”

Count Manhim, having thus received the

sanction of the Abbot to the stratagem he proposed for drawing the Baron into the Monastery, immediately prepared to retire ; but, just at this moment, another messenger from Baron Hartwesser was admitted with a letter.

“ Stop,” said the Abbot to the Count; “ here is the messenger from the Electoral Court :” and, snatching the letter hastily from the man, waving his hand for him to retire, the Count came back, and he immediately broke the seal.

Most men in the Abbot’s situation would have read the letter aloud at once ; but, either from a knowledge of the world, or caution derived from education, he glanced at its contents first, and then read it aloud. It was not conclusive ; it merely stated that the council, as mentioned in the last dispatch, had assembled, and were engaged in debating the subject, and particularly the circumstance of the young Baron Rublestein’s condemnation ; concluding with a request to postpone the execution of the sentence for some little time longer. Thus it

happened that there was a kind of indirect warrantry obtained to the Count's proposal ; and, for a time, the respite gave the Abbot a feeling of pleasure.

## CHAPTER LII.

“ It shall be so. What wants the man with me ?  
Lead on ! I follow.”

COUNT MANHIM lost no time in carrying his project into effect ; he sent immediately to the Baron a messenger requesting him to come alone into the Monastery, as the Abbot wished to see him ; adding, that if his intents were peaceable he had nothing to fear, and if hostile, the Abbot pledged his honour that he should be allowed, after the interview, to retire in freedom.

The old Baron had heard something of the occasional aberrations of mind to which the Count was liable, and received the messenger



with some indifference: he gave no immediate answer, but requested him to wait.

It was known in the throng without the Monastery, that the Electoral messenger had arrived; and the Baron, apprehending that the request for the interview was issued before his arrival, postponed his answer until it was ascertained of what orders he had been the bearer.

When he learned—for it was speedily spread abroad—that the execution was to be again delayed, he took heartening from that circumstance, and sent the Count's messenger back with a frank accession to the proposal.

“It is not necessary,” said he, “that I should disclose my motives and intentions in being here; but I confide in the honour of Count Manhim in being returned safe to my men;” thereby indirectly implying that he was bent on hostile purposes.

Soon after, he went to the gate and was admitted alone, and conducted to the Abbot's parlour. In proceeding along the cloisters

which led to the apartment his steps, were firm, supernaturally so for his years, and he walked with an air of defiance; but, on approaching the door, it was observed that his knees began to shake and his countenance to shrink and wither, as with a sudden blight of age.

The Abbot, on seeing him enter, assumed an air of greater fortitude than his heart could well sustain, especially when he beheld the infirm and defenceless old man.

He went forward and met him at the door, and with more urbanity than even his custom, conducted him to a seat; and inquired, with a tremulous voice, if there was any thing within the Monastery that would sooth his distress.

“ Yes,” my Lord,” cried the Baron; “ my son is in the Monastery.”

He said no more, and the Abbot, disconcerted by his reply, added,—

“ I beseech you, Baron Rublestein, to consider my painful duties. I cannot speak to you as a friend—it is only as the Abbot of St.

Michael's, that I hold this interview with you."

By this time the veteran had somewhat recovered his self-possession, and replied,—

"My lord, forgive me; but I cannot forget the peril to which my only son is exposed. But, to let that pass, tell me for what purpose you called me to this interview."

The Abbot was again embarrassed by so direct a question, and with the wariness of his profession, said, partly with sincerity and chiefly as one of his expedients to gain time,—

"Believe me, Baron Rublestein, I would do all in my power to mitigate your misfortune; it is something to know that it is not for the perpetration of a crime against man that your son is condemned; and, therefore, I conceive it to be within the scope of my duties to allay his mortal suffering."

The Baron shook his head, and inquired,—

"If not against man, against whom has he offended? Surely, surely, my Lord Abbot, the

Heavens are able to vindicate their own wrongs!  
But wherefore have you wished to see me?"

The Abbot, with almost irrepressible emotion, replied,—

“ I thought you possibly might desire to see your son.”

The old man started from his seat at these words, and exclaimed,—

“ Where is he?— let me be conducted to him—there is no time to spare.”

Forgetful of his particular situation, for a moment the Abbot moved towards the door to go himself with the distressed parent; but, suddenly recollecting himself, he called a servitor to shew him the apartment in which the young Baron lay. Taking the old man kindly by the hand, he said,—

“ Would that your son could abate his bravery !”

The old Baron looked at him for a moment, and seeing a watery compassion in his eye, moved on without speaking.

“ Henry was discovered alone reading, and; not lifting up his eyes from the book, did not observe his father enter; but in a moment the bustle roused him, and he suddenly rose and exclaimed—

“ My father !”

For some time the old man could not speak, and when he did, it was as if in echo to what the Abbot had said.

“ My only son,” cried he, “ cannot you relax something of your obduracy?—for such these fierce priests have called your firmness. For your sad mother’s sake and poor Matilda’s, relent !”

The young Baron replied, with composure,—

“ Their prayers can only avail me now; but for myself I am not daunted, nor do I think should you be so: I am as one environed by enemies in the field of battle—I do not fear them, but must submit.”

It was evident that the young Baron spoke only words of course; for he was serene, and

had wound himself up to the sticking point ; but the old man exclaimed,—

“ I would persuade you to make some concession ; but I have seen the valiant stand in peril, and perish too : and shall I wish my only son, the last of all my line, to be less noble !— No, Henry, thou art the keeper of thine own honour, and never son of mine shall live to say his father thought he held his at too high a price ; yet, in my mind, there is a morbid doubt if these grim monks have warrantry for what they do. If, as they say, thy offence is against Heaven, let man stand by and see what Heaven will do.”

Henry pensively smiled, and reminded his father that his time for controversies was over, saying,—

“ It is as you say : no law, human or divine, can be abrogated by a power inferior to that by which it was enacted. Churchmen are but the sons of Adam ; they cannot give life, and should think well before they quench it ; espe-

cially as, in my case, they say that Heaven is the offended ; but now it is too late to argue this ; only I am a man full of reluctance to die, and in fair battle would not quietly."

His father looked at him as he delivered this speech with more than common earnestness and self-possession, and, suddenly turning round, abruptly left the room, and went straight to the gate without speaking to any one, though he passed Count Manlim, who was standing in the cloisters evidently to address him.

## CHAPTER LIII.

—— “ Did ye not commit a crime  
When men were made to misery ?”

Virtue in the character of Father Dominick performed the part of vice; his purity ministered to his pride, for he was too conscious of the rectitude of his own motives. But, in this respect, he was not extraordinary; many such men are in the world, and their defect is not known until they are tested by their intercourse with others, who, though practically as good, have been proved by stronger temptations.

After he had remained some time alone in his cell, until indeed he conceived the time had expired which the Abbot, in obedience to Ba-



ron Hartwesser's first letter, postponed the execution, his sullenness began to relent, and he became restless and irascible ; feeling, however, less as an ill-used man than as one frustrated of good intentions. His anger, in consequence, partook of benevolence, and he conceived himself to be, in that blessed frame of mind which is so essential to those who undertake to alleviate sorrow or suffering.

By the hour-glass on his table, which stood before a crucifix, he saw the sands were run, and, as if there had been something lost, at the last drop he hurried out of his cell, and went straight to the room where the young Baron was confined.

Notwithstanding the orders given to the janitor not to admit any person without the prisoner's leave, he demanded admittance with such authority in his manner that he could not be refused, and accordingly went in.

It was soon after the old warrior had so abruptly departed, and he found Henry in tears.

Ignorant of the cause, and ascribing it to what he deemed some salutary effect of the sentence, he exclaimed—

“ This, headstrong youth, must have taught you at last what it is to rebel against the church.”

The young man, wiping deliberately his eyes, replied, calmly—

“ Yes, it makes me feel the power of the church.”

Father Dominick, not expecting so bold an insinuation, cried—

“ But does it make you repent ?”

“ Repent ! of what should I repent ? the word seems strange to one that believes himself escaping from error.”

A very little spark was necessary to inflame the mind of Father Dominick, and this was sufficient.

“ Lost ! lost !” he cried in an accent of anguish ; “ where is the oracle that tells you that ?”

Henry smiled serenely, and said, striking his breast—

“The oracle is here. When reason was planted in the human heart, no check was placed upon the searching faculty: I do but claim the right that all men have to exercise the heavenly gift with temperance and humility.”

The firmness and moderation with which this was said rendered any sort of impassioned reply fruitless; yet Father Dominick said, earnestly—

“Yes, to the Doomed, reason appears a heavenly gift—but, oh! its fatal efficacy!”

The young Baron made no direct answer—but, drawing up his sleeve and holding out towards him his arm, said—

“Is not that my right hand—the work of Heaven, on which there is no other restraint than the limits placed on the natural power of all finite things? My chartered reason was as freely given to work for Providence, as this my own right hand. Good father, it is the very

garbage of a narrow mind to think a man cares less for his own soul's safety than his neighbour does, who differs from him on some point of doctrine."

Father Dominick was startled, and scarcely knowing what he said, cried,—

"You grow blasphemous; does not the church point out the only way to reach salvation?"

The prisoner mildly inquired,—

"What is the church? Are not all its rulers men frail as myself, and all its dogmas things of man's opinion?"

"I'll hear no more," exclaimed Father Dominick; "are not these dogmas, as you call them, heretic, derived from the eternal word of God?"

The young Baron started with a flushed countenance; but soon after he said, calmly—

"Be somewhat milder in your phrases, father. I grant your doctrines are drawn from the everlasting source; but man is the inter-

preter, and I, being a man, claim but to be entitled to equal privileges with my fellows."

The monk, waxing warm, cried—

"But the church has, from of old, adopted those sacred truths that you condemn."

"Age," replied Henry, gently, "may make venerable, but cannot sacred. All that you can say is, that, in old times, the priests of those days made rules and laws, that men of latter time have thought mere usurpations: I believe they were."

This was uttered in a low, distinct tone, and produced for a moment, even on the fiery father, a sentiment of awe; but soon again he recovered his wonted zeal, and said—

"He is incorrigible." Then addressing Henry, "I hold no controversy with you; I came but to tell that, unless you do extenuate your offence, the sentence will be carried into execution."

And unable to control himself, he cried, as if in the vehemence of passion—

“ Accursed, burn ! and in the flames that soon shall lick thy flesh from off thy bones, receive a foretaste of thy doom hereafter !”

Henry finding it unavailing to hold further discourse with this fierce fanatic, turned suddenly round, and walked in silence to another part of the room, leaving him vexed and angry that his hopes, as he deemed them, to conciliate the wanderer back to the fold, were so ineffectual.

Without moving from his position, Father Dominick turned his head and looked towards the devoted victim. At first there was a scowl and grin on his visage, which showed the bigotry that, like the Promethean vulture, preyed on his vitals ; but as he looked at the graceful air of the young man, and reflected on the serenity with which he awaited the destined hour, a sudden glow of humanity softened his heart ; the rugged cast of his features relaxed, and he moved towards the door, at which he again halted ; and, with an emotion as different from

his habitude as fire is from flint, he looked at the young man again, and, lifting his hands to Heaven, said, with an expression of which no description can be given—

“Ye irresponsible Heavens, if in your service we are doing wrong?”

## CHAPTER LIV.

“ All things seem now in that dread middle state,  
Between the advent and the consummation.”

WHEN Count Guilderhaggan heard that Baron Rublestein had been admitted into the Monastery soon after his arrival, he was perplexed. It would be injustice to say of any man, that he anticipated some sort of gratification in the penal burning of another ; but of all the crowd by this time assembled round the Monastery to witness the execution, perhaps there was no other who did not recoil at the sentence. To him the church, though he knew not properly of what it consisted, was an awful and mysterious thing—to offend it, in his



opinion, was as deadly as to sin against the Holy Ghost; for his education and habits had not taught him to discriminate the one from the other; he considered them as one and the same thing conjoined in some inexplicable union; but when, in the course of a few minutes, he beheld the old Baron re-issue with a hurried air from the gate, and proceed directly towards his vassals and retainers, without noticing a single individual, he was amazed, and the thought entered his mind that perhaps there was a disposition to favour the heretic. Instead, therefore, of deploring the cruelty of the sentence, his animosity blazed up against the weakness and criminality of man.

He was standing near the path which the distressed father took, passing him by and all others unnoticed; near him stood the hermit Ambrose, who was, as we have mentioned, seduced from his vows as an anchorite, by the signals of alarm.

The dress of the hermit rendered him con-

spicuous ; and as, in the opinions of that age, men who had so professed themselves were thought entitled to more than common homage, the Count entered into conversation with him. Among other things he expressed, with a tone of regret, that the execution was delayed.

“ Delays,” replied the hermit, “ are often dangerous to a good cause, but they can never be to a bad one.”

“ Do you mean,” exclaimed the Count, “ that there is any cause for doubt in this business ?”

“ I hope there is not,” replied Ambrose ; “ but I have been for many years aloof, as it were, from the world, and know not what the need may be to justify the punishment.”

“ You speak strangely—is it not to rid the world of a foul infection which may taint others ?”

“ How ? was not the convict condemned for an offence against Heaven ?”

“ Aye,” cried the Count ; “ and is not that enough to justify his doom ?”

“ The Heavens alone can judge ; but surely there must be some dreadful efficacy in his sin to make good men consign him to such torture. If he has so offended, there must be some proof of his delinquency ; his doctrines must have a tendency to propagate something pernicious to the growth that Providence has implanted as an everlasting principle in nature. In all God’s punishments compensation is visible : if man destroys man, the place of him that falls becomes vacant, and all his purposes are for ever quenched ; if man takes from man, the want of what is taken may induce to other crimes ; if God is forgotten, there is no check against the sin ;—in sooth, Sir, all forbidden by the Decalogue implies some evil effect from the doing. Had it been forbidden to call the old enacted forms of holy rites in question, I could have understood this offence as one that man might arbitrate ; but not being therein mentioned, I bow my head in token of a mystery too high for my weak understanding to grasp.”

While they were thus speaking together, the hermit surprising the Count by his comment from the book of nature on the use of punishment, a stir arose in the multitude; persons were seen moving hastily towards the spot where Baron Rublestein had drawn up his troops. Obedient to the impulse of the moment, the hermit moved with the crowd, but Count Guilderhaggan remained stationary, till he could no longer see what occasioned the bustle. In the course of a few minutes loud shouts were heard, and, to his astonishment, the whole multitude seemed to join and rend the air with acclamations.

An indescribable alarm prompted the Count to run with precipitation towards a body of his own men who were drawn up between the spectators and the area railed off for the dismal ceremony. The men, to his consternation, moved not in any way as he advanced towards them, and when he inquired, with irritation, why they stood so inactive, no reply was made

In the same moment all the field was in commotion, and every where a movement and confusion towards the ground where the Baron's forces were drawn up, portentous of some undivulged event. The Count, however, stood in front of his men, and inquired, with trepidation, what had happened.

Without attending, seemingly, to his question, the men closed together, and, after some confabulation, they appointed an officer to inform the Count that they would not act against Baron Rublestein. Their resolution was bold and firm.

“If the Baron attacks the Monastery only to rescue his son,” said they, “we will not be led against him; if he submit to see the execution, we shall remain upon the spot and keep the Monastery from outrage; but the Elector has not implicit instruments in us.”

Count Guilderhaggan was exceedingly exasperated; his rage, however, was that of a man without the power to give expression to his

will, and turning his eyes towards the vast multitude assembled round the Baron's men, unconscious of what he did, walked several yards towards them. Perhaps he would have proceeded further, but at that moment the spectators rolled back, and in the midst he beheld the old Baron mounted on his charger, and though not actually in motion, an evident indication of a design to come forward.

At this moment there was, however, a new movement in the field ; another messenger came from the Elector for the Abbot with important dispatches, and his appearance had the effect of stilling the murmuring multitude, as if some preternatural cause of silence had been suddenly shed abroad.

## CHAPTER LV.

“ A little time—why am I thus impatient ?  
Why leaps my spirit to this sad conclusion ? ”

THE Abbot, from the precipitate departure of the veteran Baron to take farewell of his son, sat alone in his chamber reflecting on the transactions of the two preceding days. It seemed to him that a diseased haste and hurry pervaded all nature ; the clouds careered past his window swifter, he thought, than the wind could bear them ; the leaves of the aspin, in the parterre below, twinkled as if animated with the flutter of fear ; the rising sun rose to him in perturbation ; the sparkling, running waters appeared anxious to escape ; his own pulse, on which he

happened accidentally to lay his hand, beat, he thought, with a boding celerity; and after the sound of the Monastery bell, which happened to strike during his rumination, he listened to a moan as of a vast invisible beholding the shadow of a coming woe.

He called reason to repress the alarm with which he was seized, and, by numberless expedients, endeavoured to convince himself that time was not so rapid, nor motion its index so swift.

Often he examined his hour-glass; sometimes he thought it ran too quickly, and, unconscious of the action, lifted it up and shook it backward, as if he could thereby retard the race of time.

His grief mounted to a passion, and he cried, with a vexatious accent—

“Why am I thus so moved as my dread duty nears to completion? I have foreseen the issue; but this delirious panic never fastened on me before, nor can I to myself account for the rush of fear with which I am possessed.



What is Henry but a man?—and are there not more good, and wise, and gentle on the earth, that I should think his martyrdom a crime? Ah! what have I said—his martyrdom? Is he not a fore-doomed rebel to the church?—and what is he to me, a centinel upon a post? Oh, that I could arrest the wheels of time, and clog the pinions of the winged hours!”

Clasping his hands, he started up, and exclaimed as if to Heaven, “Spare me, in mercy, from this terrible probation!”

At that moment a sound was heard, and before he could assume a staid appearance, the door was opened, and Count Manhim entered, still more alarmed than he had ever seen him. Without preface he announced the exit from the Monastery of the Old Baron.

To the astonishment of the Count, the Abbot still shaking with apprehension, replied—

“I am glad he is gone; some unknown sympathy has been roused in me since he has been here.”

“But,” said the Count, in whom this disturbed reply had the effect of exciting a surprise that moderated for a time the effects of his wound, as red-hot iron on the anvil seems to fade in its fiery colour to the passing wind, “what is now to be done?—the stratagem by which we thought to gain time is defeated. Good Father Abbot, it is a sign that Heaven has ratified the doom.”

“Recall these words, Count Manhim, if you can; Heaven is not so partial. Alas! it is to tell me, Count, I am myself in jeopardy. Hark! what sounds are these?”

“It is the shouting of the multitude, and yet I thought it nearer to this house,” replied the Count;—“again the exultation fills the air.”

“What means it?” cried the Abbot.

The Count, on hearing the second loud huzza, listened, and then said—

“It is triumphant, and denotes to us no good.”

Then, hastily turning round, without making

the usual reverencies in parting from the Abbot, he withdrew to ascertain from what cause the acclamations proceeded. It was the same noise that had so daunted Count Guilderhaggan.

As he hastened from the Abbot's room to the gate, he met Father Dominick coming incensed against, what he called, "the contumacy of the lost man." Count Manhim was, however, in no condition to listen to his recital, but in the panic of the moment cried—

"What sounds are these?"

Father Dominick had come from the young Baron's prison, which was situated in the back of the Monastery, and looked out on a peaceful landscape, in which no sound particularly predominated—and of course the shouting, though heard, roused no alarm, but the state of mind in which he had parted from the young Baron, made him tremblingly fearful to aught that might seem to take importance from superstition; and he replied, with a low and hollow accent,—

"What sounds?"

The Count, instead of answering, said—

“Have you not heard that Baron Rublestein has been with the Abbot?”

“What!” cried Father Dominick, still more awfully “the father!”

“Yes,” said the Count, “and he is gone without acknowledging our courtesy.”

“What did the old man here?—why was he not detained?”

But as they were thus exchanging abrupt sentences, a kind of running cheer was heard again without. Father Dominick paused, and looked alarmedly at Count Manhim; but the spirit of the soldier was by this time awakening in the shattered veteran, and he hurried to the gate, to learn what accident had caused the noise. He had not, however, half-way crossed the area, when the other messenger from the Electoral Court was admitted, and conducted by one of the janitors along the cloisters to the Abbot's apartment.

He was dressed like the first, with gay trap-

pings, and held in his hand a small note sealed. Several voices, as he passed along inquired, the news, with a vivacity that shewed the interest which all took in his appearance: he made, however, no reply—his face was clouded; and in going towards the Abbot's room, he appeared not only exhausted by his ride, but to have some care upon him deeper than he was accustomed to.

The Abbot, who was still afflicted with impatience on hearing steps approaching to his door, went to meet them, and, with a precipitation foreign to the wonted affability of his nature, snatched the note from the hand of the messenger.

## CHAPTER LVI.

“ Is all in readiness ? ”

The Abbott retired alone into his own chamber with the note, and remained pondering over its contents for some time; he then sent for Count Manhim, and appeared till he came exceedingly depressed and thoughtful;—sometimes he rose from his seat and walked across his apartment; at others, he paused and examined the letter, as if in some doubt of its meaning.

When the Count arrived, he inquired of him, in a calm manner, how the preparations for the execution stood: Count Manhim answered, that he believed all was in readiness. A short pause

then ensued; and the Abbott, without requesting him to be seated, walked several times to and fro in a state of abstraction, and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, requested to know the spirit of the troops assembled around the Monastery.

“ Why, my Lord Abbott,” said the Count, “ I am grieved to relate that they are insubordinate almost to mutiny; they have resolved not to oppose the old Baron in his attempt to rescue his son; they will, however, permit no harm, they say, to happen to the Monastery, but they will not resist Baron Rublestein in attempting to save the last of his race.”

The Abbot betrayed no emotion, and, after again taking a few turns on the floor, said, “ It is hard to enforce the authority of the church without having recourse to secular means. I think, Count, when she is obliged to employ any other weapons than arguments, the contest is not properly her own.”

Count Manhim did not very well comprehend

the meaning of this, and, in consequence, attempted no answer ; but, after a brief interval, he inquired what was to be done.

“The time,” said he, “has expired during which the ceremony of the burning was ordered to be delayed.” The Abbot gave a shudder, and said —

“How long will the preliminary preparations require ?”

“Not long,” replied the Count, “not many minutes.”

“I am sorry,” said the Abbott, “but duty is imperious and imperative ; let the necessary directions for the execution be given, and see you that the defences of the Monastery are properly secured.”

The Count made a low bow and retired.

As soon as the Abbot was left to resume his meditations, he again looked at the letter, and read it slowly over to himself.

“My task,” said he, “is against the grain with me, but it must be fulfilled. I would be



deemed a recreant to my trusts of the worst kind, if I did not act in this matter with all the courage and address Providence has given me."

He then called a janitor, and bade him rouse all the Monastery, and particularly the members of the Chapter who constituted the tribunal of the inquisition. "When they are assembled in the Chapter-house, I will attend them there."

His manner was impressive, and the friar, who received his orders, pressed both his hands on his breast together, and silently, with humble obeisance, withdrew to make the orders known.

Although it was very generally expected that the delay in the execution could not be long, yet such was the clamour out of doors, that many thought, from the constitutional prudence of the Abbot, that he would postpone it to a fitter time, even to another day. But they were disappointed, and went to the meeting in the Chapter-house, disturbed and fearful.

Father Dominick heard the orders with dismay; not that he was dissatisfied that the Abbot had been induced, so contrary to his own wishes, to act so sternly, but because, in his opinion, the spirit of the times required a sacrifice, and would not be appeased without a victim.

He descended from his cell into the court of the Monastery, where Count Manhim was standing, with several friars; but the cheerfulness of his countenance was not in harmony with their feelings; and the Count said, rather abruptly, that he apprehended the Lord Abbot did not sufficiently consider the temper of the mob without, in venturing at such a time to order the execution.

“So think I,” said Father Dominick, bravely; “but could not the burning take place within the area of the Monastery?”

“No,” cried the Count; “Baron Rublestein would in that case batter the edifice about our ears.”

“What, then,” said Father Dominick, “do the other soldiers do here?”

“They won’t resist the Baron in his rescue of his son, but they have agreed to protect the Monastery. If it were to be attempted here, perhaps they would not defend us.”

“It is the work of Heaven,” replied Father Dominick, with an air of great solemnity.

“I don’t think so,” said the Count, forgetting his ecclesiastical decorum; “there would not else be so many delays and difficulties about the business.”

Father Dominick was confounded at the audacity of the soldier, and inquired if he meant to insinuate that the church could do an act of injustice,

“I don’t say any thing about the church,” cried the Count, his military predilections reviving; “but I know the churchmen are very troublesome to deal with, and are neither wiser nor better than the commonalty.”

The power of speech was suspended in Father

Dominick, and he looked in the utmost consternation, especially when the Count added, in the same off-handed manner—

“Go, Father Dominick, to the Chapter-house, and wait there; my duty is to provide for a sudden assault, and there is no time for talk—go at once.”

Father Dominick angrily remonstrated at this peremptory treatment, but it was in vain; the Count ordered two of the men who had been called to assist in the defences to remove Father Dominick from the area, and would not allow him to reply.

In the Chapter-house, when he arrived, there were murmuring and commotion. Some were for deferring the execution, on account of the mutinous state of the troops around the Monastery; others deemed the Abbot remiss, — but there were a few who thought the sentence too severe.

“It is too hazardous,” said they, “to begin with men so highly born and so beloved; if the heretic had been in an humble station, we

might have got it all well over. Nothing, however, would serve old Father Dominick, but to make no respect of persons, as if Heaven did not show, by permitting the high and low to be in the world, respect for persons..”

Father Dominick heard his own name mentioned, and the comment made upon his sentiment, with a shudder of surprise and self-dread.

## CHAPTER LVII.

“ Hark ! heard ye not yon footstep dread ?  
——’Twas Death ! ”

It was evident, from the extent and character of the multitude around the Monastery, that the whole population of the adjacent country was interested ; but, as yet, no appearance betokened the spectacle which so many had come to see, and in consequence the crowd, as the time elapsed, became scattered and desultory. But at last the bell of the abbey began to toll.

At the first stroke, there was an instantaneous suspension, followed by silence of all employments and recreations ; at the second, men became pale, and looked to one another ; and at

the third, a general rush towards the enclosure where the burning was to take place might be seen from all quarters, as if there had been a sudden opening of many springs rushing into one reservoir.

Old Baron Rublestein, as the tolling of the fatal bell continued, evinced no particular emotion. His military habits, independent of the manners of that time of his order, made him apparently regard every occurrence with equanimity—but each slow toll knelled at his heart, and struck him with a kind of consternation, which for several minutes deprived him of all self-possession.

When he beheld the spectators around his troops begin to thin, and many moving towards the place of execution, he rode out in front of his men, and wheeling his horse towards them, said —

“ As the other forces have resolved only to act on the defensive, for the protection of the ecclesiastical den, in case of an attack from us,

I have determined to take no other step than to march to the spot, till the event of the last moment leaves no hope. Till all but the pile be lighted we shall be only spectators, but spectators in a particular station."

He then gave the orders to march, and with a slow, silent solemnity, almost funereal, led his men to the enclosure. On arriving at the spot where it was railed off, he halted, and looked to the right and left, as if he had not expected any such impediment; but, immediately perceiving an opening which led to the gate, he gave orders to his men to follow, and entered the area.

A slight mutation was observed among some of the other bands, who were by this time all under arms, but it was succeeded by no particular demonstration.

Whether the veteran observed the motion, or was so occupied with his own paternal reflections, cannot now be ascertained; but he moved on unheeding, and made his vassals and retainers



so deploy round the inside of the railing that they surrounded the whole area, and enclosed the stake and faggots, with the elevated black scaffold.

Their numbers being more than sufficient for this purpose, he caused the supernumeraries to form a road from the gate into the centre of the enclosure.

All this was executed in profound silence, save the tolling of the bell. It might have seemed to strangers, not acquainted with the relationship between the Baron and the victim, that he was acting in furtherance of orders issued from the cruel inquisitors—so calm, orderly, and peaceful was every evolution performed.

At this time the sun, which had risen crimson and hazy over the mountains of Uperver, became completely obscured. A grey vapour drowsily filled all the air, as if it had been thickened with smoke. The vocal birds sat on the boughs, and mutely fluttered their feathers, as if they

had some knowledge of what was to come to pass. The leaves hung languidly on the trees, and all sounds that should have been high and clear, seemed affected by the universal depression. Sadness, more than sullenness, pervaded Nature. Rooks and crows, instead of grubbing in flocks on the newly-ploughed fields, sat on gates and scraggy hedges, unsocially silent : old men spoke together of ancient prophecies, and on the church tower one was seen, holding in his hand a ready signal ; but at the same instant a mystery drew all eyes—a dove was observed by the crowd, hovering near the hour-plate of the horologe. It alighted on the hands, and put the time back several minutes. \*

Within the Monastery equal dread prevailed ; the members of the inquisitorial tribunal had assembled in the Chapter-house, but they said nothing ; they were all as if afraid of each

---

\* This incident actually happened at an execution in the country some years ago.

other, and one sat apart, conning the rubric of his missal. Even Father Dominick partook of the awe, and counted his beads, while his upturned eyes and mumbling lips denoted that his soul was busy with his orisons.

In the court and gardens Count Manhim had left no weakness unguarded—the vassals on the demesnes of the Monastery had come in at the first summons, and he considered them so adequate for the defence, that he permitted the brotherhood to prepare for the ceremony. A difficulty, not foreseen, molested however the old soldier. He had relied on the force without the walls, co-operating with his men, and knowing the rugged nature of Count Guilderhaggan, reposed the most perfect confidence in the measures which he made sure of him adopting. He had not once imagined that the case was one in which the soldiers would venture to think for themselves; and, in consequence, when he learnt by a scout, whom he had sent to ascertain the state and temper of those on the outside,

that the men had resolved to protect the Monastery, but not to interfere if Baron Rublestein attempted the rescue only of his son, he was much troubled, and went in quest of the Abbot, who, from the time he had given orders for the arrangements to be made for carrying the sentence into execution, had remained alone in his own apartment, and studiously kept himself from every one whatever.

It was not doubted in the Monastery, especially by the Count, that the note from Baron Hartwesser was decisive of the young Baron's doom, though he began to conjecture, from the delay that took place, some further instructions were still requisite. The intelligence received from the scout perplexed him.

He found the Abbot, sitting with that vacancy about him which at once betokened he was waiting for something expected, and was ill at ease. Every thing on his table was as the servitor had placed it in order, even his mass-book lay at the foot of the crucifix, and had never been opened since last laid there.

On seeing the Count enter, he inquired with quickness his news.

“ I have just,” said he “ sent a man to the top of the church-tower, to see if he can descry any messenger coming.”

“ Then you expect another yet ?” was the Count’s reply, with a sinister look, that implied suspicious interrogation.

“ Count Manhim,” said the Abbot, observing the peculiar cast of his countenance, “ I will deal frankly with you. I am put to severe proof ; the last letter from Count Hartwesser led me to expect others more important, and I gave the orders to prepare for the execution on the faith of them ; but I am still disappointed, outwitted by time.”

“ Then you did not, my lord, really intend the completion of the business.”

“ Men in authority must do many things to keep the minds of the public occupied.”

While they were thus speaking, the person whom the Abbot had sent to the top of the tower entered.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

“ Delay, we will yet delay.”

WHEN the person entered the room whom the Abbot had sent to look out from the top of the church-tower, he seemed embarrassed at the appearance of Count Manhim. In directing him to ascend the pinnacle of the building, the Abbot, not apprehending there would be much delay, and being desirous to conceal his own impatience, had ordered him to ascend without mentioning his errand, as if the action had been of his own accord.

While he remained on the leads of the belfry, the circumstance of his being directed

thither to descry, as early as possible, a messenger from the court, began to work with his conjectures; and the conclusion he came to was, that the Abbot only sought to gain time. Like to the rest of the fraternity, this was indeed a very obvious notion, for it was evident to all the house that the Abbot acted under a constraint of duty, and that he reluctantly acquiesced in the condemnation of the heretic.

Besides these conjectures, the man, while on his elevated post, was prodigiously surprised by the mysterious occurrence which we have before noticed; for the projecting battlements of the tower prevented him from seeing the horologe beneath him, and of course the apparition of the snow-white dove that had alighted on the hands, retarding the time. He beheld only the upturned faces of a vast multitude, as if the space in front of the Monastery had been paved with faces, while a profound silence for several minutes succeeded, in its effect appalling.

It thus happened that his embarrassment

arose from very natural causes ; but he was led to attach an importance to them which a better acquaintance with the facts would have prevented.

Count Manhim, seeing his confusion, stepped back, correctly apprehending that his communication was intended only for the ear of the Abbot ; but his gesture and pace being noticed, the oppressed superior said aloud,

“ Tell me what you have seen—you need feel no diffidence in the Count’s presence.”

The man, emboldened by the simplicity of the request, replied at once, that a vast multitude filled all the roads and highways leading to the Monastery.

“ I feared as much,” said the Abbot, looking towards Count Manhim ; “ but why have you descended ?—my orders were, that you should remain till a messenger coming this way was discovered.”

The previous explanation which the Abbot had given to the Count for seeking delay would



have been now explained, had he not already anticipated it by acknowledging how much he was disturbed; and, accordingly, the Count, perfect master of the device, repeated,—

“ But why have you descended ? ”

The man, still under the alarm which had been communicated to him from the silence and upturned looks of the crowd, replied,—

“ I pray you, Sir, ask me not too curiously; the spectators without have seen visions in the air hovering over the Monastery.”

“ What mean you ? ” cried the Count, with a voice of surprise, participating at the same time in the superstitious dread of the man; but the Abbot, more self-possessed in matters of human apprehension, abruptly bade him return to his post, and continued his conversation with the Count, saying—

“ I am, Count Manhim, deeply perplexed. We have selected too high a victim, and one on which the church alone dare not exercise her authority. This is the truth, and cannot be

disguised; but the delay perplexes me. The Electoral Council were to meet long ago to consider in what way the dangerous heresies should be suppressed. I do not say, Count, that the delay argues any division of opinion among the councillors; but I cannot help thinking it betokens some hesitation in approving of our proceedings, now that it is evident the aid of the secular power must be resorted to. What, in your opinion, should be done?"

The Count did not immediately answer, but pressed his upper lip with the fore-finger of his left hand, as he said, thoughtfully,—

“The case is beyond my skill: a sentence has been given that dare not be carried into effect; it is clear that the authority of the church is compromised. You have gone too far, my lord, to retract: to return is as difficult as to wade o’er. I would go on with all preliminaries, and trust to the chapter of accidents.”

“True,” said the Abbot, “I would do so too; but we cannot long delay the execution of

of the sentence. It makes the flesh crawl on my bones to think if the Elector's message of respite should come too late—for of a respite I set great store."

The Count said—

"The business would puzzle a clearer head: you have but one alternative—either to go on with what you have begun, or to suspend it. The troops without, I understand, have agreed to protect the Monastery; but they have declared that they will not prevent the rescue of the young Baron by his father."

"How!" cried the Abbot, his eyes kindling with unwonted ardour, while he spoke—"what do you say?"

Count Manhim repeated sedately the intelligence received from the scout, and it was evident, by the Abbot's manner, that it gave him great pleasure; but, affecting still to be under the influences of his anxiety, he said—

"You are right, Count Manhim; I must proceed in the business of the execution, and leave

the upshot to Providence. Give the necessary orders to proceed.”

The Count looked at him suspiciously for a moment, and then withdrew. The Abbot shut the door behind him, and exclaimed to himself—

“ Now all is safe, I will seemingly go forward even to the burning; and if it do not take place, the omission will not be imputed to me.”

As he said this, he turned hastily to a chair on which his state canonicals were lying, and with trembling and agitation, over which however joy predominated, he began to dress for the ceremony.

## CHAPTER LIX.

“ The bell strikes—’tis done !”

WHEN the Abbot had dressed himself in his garb of ceremony, he descended to the Chapter-house, where the members of the inquisitorial tribunal, with the ordinary members of the Chapter and the brethren belonging to the Monastery, were assembled.

He only made a formal recognition to them as he entered, which they returned with equal solemnity, and walking towards his lofty seat, sat down for the space of two or three minutes ; then rising, he directed the names to be called over. When this was done, the procession was

ordered to be formed for the scaffold, on which seats were prepared for the members of the inquisition to witness the burning.

In all these proceedings no alteration could be discerned in his countenance. He was sedate and calm, insomuch that some thought they could perceive a cast of benignity in the expression of his features, as if he derived pleasure from the hideous business of the day.

When the procession was formed, preceded by two boys dressed in linen and scarlet, swinging censers of incense, the whole body began to move, giving glory to God with loud hallelujahs for having vindicated His holiness and justice in the sight of men.

On their arrival at the portal, the gates were thrown wide open, but the crowd without maintained silence; and Father Dominick observed that, at the appearance of the gilded cross borne before the Abbot, no particular reverence was manifested by the multitude. The whole procession, however, proceeded to the scaffold,

round which, with their backs towards it, the brotherhood arranged themselves, while the members of the inquisitorial tribunal ascended to the seats erected on it for them ; the Abbot who walked last according to etiquette, being the first that mounted.

In the mean time the Baron Rublestein with his force made no movement: they all stood still, and himself being dismounted, held his horse by the bridle—ready, however, to vault into the saddle.

The Count Guilderhaggan stood on the right of the scaffold, surrounded by a number of officers, but they were all silent. A general air of expectation seemed, indeed, to hang upon all men ; the band round the Count partook of it—even the soldiers, who were all under arms, appeared as if smitten with the spirit of contingency.

When the inquisitors had arranged themselves on the scaffold a pause ensued, and in the same moment the gates, which had been shut

when the ecclesiastical procession came forth, were again opened, and a movement was observed in the crowd opposite: soon after, the low sound of a trumpet was heard.

Baron Rublestein mounted his charger, and looking to his men on the right and left, advanced before them two or three paces. Count Guilderhaggan seeing this movement, looked to several of his officers, who immediately disposed themselves along the line of his troops.

The slow, solemn sound of the trumpet was heard clearer, and presently four halberdiers, two and two, were seen issuing from the gateway; to these succeeded six men also, by twos, with bare arms, their sleeves being rolled up to the shoulders: these were the fagot-pilers. Behind them two men, masked and dismally habited in black, bearing lighted torches—the executioners; behind, in a coarse dress made of sackcloth, besmeared with gouts of pitch, came the convict.

All eyes were instantly turned towards him;



but his father, after giving a hasty glance, looked aside; the Abbot, on the scaffold, was observed also to shun the sight—but Father Dominick, as having a strange delight in the spectacle, leant forward with both hands resting on his knees, in an attitude that betokened strong enjoyment.

Obedient to his resolution, the old Baron being persuaded that the Electoral power would be interposed to save his son, stood unmoved as the procession of the condemned proceeded along. In passing within a few feet of his horse's head; the young Baron halted and made him a profound reverence: the old man made an attempt to return the salute, but in the same moment burst into tears, which was answered by a sob of sympathy from all who witnessed his emotion.

During this time, the Abbot frequently looked up to the roof of the building, but no signal from the church-tower allayed his anxiety.

When Henry was conducted to the stake, the

two executioners fixed their lighted torches upright in the ground, and unwinding the chain, placed him close to the post, and drew the links under his arms and over his shoulders, fastening it behind with a hook.

It was thought that the old man would have at this juncture interposed, but he apparently calmly looked on.

The chain being wreathed round the victim, it was then thought by the spectators that the Abbot would have made a sign to the executioners to apply the torches; but, instead of doing so, he rose from his seat, and, reverentially uncovering his head, began to chaunt, accompanied by all the members of the inquisition, also uncovered, a funeral requiem.

The day was grey and still—all the crowd were hushed, and, solemnly harmonized by the sight before them, with unpremeditated enthusiasm joined in the strain. When it was done, the Abbot and the other members of the inquisition resumed their seats; but it was re-

marked that Father Dominick, before sitting down, went to the Abbot and whispered something in his ear : he did not, however, otherwise notice him than by gently pushing the old man away, waving to him with his hand to retire, looking himself at the same time with anxiety aloft to the church-tower.

The hour had now more than elapsed ; no expedient for delay could be had recourse to, and with a convulsive emotion the Abbot made the fatal sign to the fagot-builders, who immediately began their terrible work.

They arranged the piles around the victim in such a manner that only his head could be discerned above the heap. One of them then poured pitch on the wood, and another emptied a flask of oil on several tufts of flax which were here and there inserted in the crevices of the pyre.

The Baron was at this moment seen to catch his bridle, as it were, with a new grasp, and in the same moment all his men by an involuntary movement pressed forward.

The crowd was still and breathless.

The Abbot, who had sunk back into his seat after having signified to the fagot-builders to proceed with their task, rose again, and, with a countenance of indescribable sorrow, looked towards the tower ; but he saw no signal there. Giving a profound sigh, he then lifted his right hand, and tremblingly intimated, by a motion to the executioners to apply their torches.

They stepped out, and drawing them from the ground bent forward to apply them ; but at that moment the old Baron drew his sword with a flash ; at the same instant a flag was waved from the tower, and a cry, rising at a distance, of “ Forbear, forbear ! ” arrested the executioners.

All was now tumult, and rushing, and confusion. A messenger from the Electoral Court, drenched with haste, was brought forward ; and, without respect to the Abbot or the other inquisitors, he knelt before Baron Rublestein, and presented a despatch from the Elector.

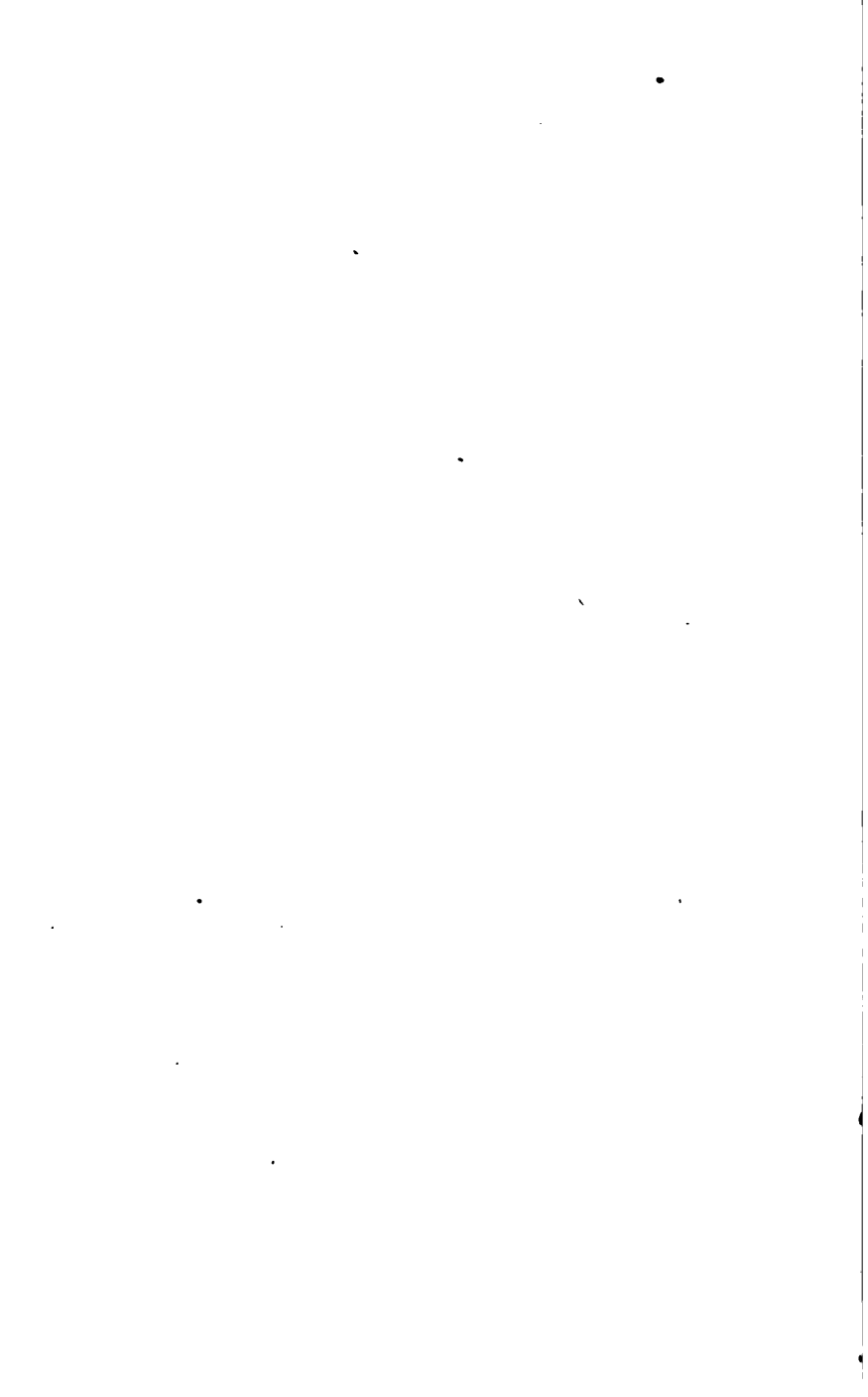
On opening the paper, the old man started and proclaimed aloud that the Lutheran religion was established throughout the Electorate—that the fraternity who inhabited the Monastery of St. Michael's was dissolved—and that he himself was authorized to take immediate possession of the buildings, and to hold them for the Electoral sovereign till further orders.

It is needless to prolong the story. The churchmen by their own cruel policy brought on their doom, by which a lesson was given that will endure to the end of time. Instead of amending their errors, they only thought of preserving the privilege to err. May the moral ever influence; and statesmen, warned by the dread example, in every other revolution of theoretic dogmas, look to the people, and by the tenour of their shouts discover whether good or evil is to ensue by attending to them! But we leave the application to the reader—our task at present is to tell the result.

When the hive of drones at the Monastery

were scattered and the pile unroofed, the nuptials of Henry and Matilda were celebrated with great rejoicing at the Castle, in which festival all were allowed to partake; but the hermit Ambrose wandered away, and was heard of no more; while the Lady Gertrude, unable to abide the change, also left the country, and took refuge with her mother within the French territory.

THE END OF THE LUTHERANS.



**THE**  
**DEAN OF GUILD;**  
**A CARICATURE.**





## INTRODUCTION.

---

THE age of tales about love or murder, like the age of chivalry, is gone—nor was I ever very good at inditing such lucubrations; but, in its stead, a new epoch is arising, to which the events of the passing day furnish topics—a kind of light writing, like caricature in drawing, with just so much of true portraiture as may render the outlines amusing, while the extravagance remains so obvious that to the soberest reader the fiction is not equivocal.

My first attempt in this line was in the Ayrshire Legatees; but I committed a mistake, which has prevented that work from being understood by a few. I there made use of the

real names of the actual persons with whom I intended to be jocular, and the consequence has been that, while I only tried to describe caricatures as seen by others, I have been supposed to speak my own opinions. I shall not, however, fall into the same error again.

In the "Dean of Guild" I have endeavoured to be more perspicuous; and, therefore, I hope the attempt will be better appreciated.

I try to see things as I conceive a Mr. Wamle may have looked upon them, and to describe certain public men as they might appear to such a person; but I have disguised their titles, ludicrously I acknowledge, so that, if I have erred in the outline of the intended likenesses, pardon may be the more readily conceded.

I have no other excuse for the liberty taken than that the parties are public men; and from the days of Coriolanus, all public personages must submit to show their wounds, if not their weaknesses, to the populace.

## THE DEAN OF GUILD ;

OR,

### MR. WAMLE'S JOURNEY TO LONDON.

---

WHEN the nation, with the Reform, of which it had long been visibly big, was put to bed, it was thought that I could not do better in the crying time than take my foot in my hand and go to London, the corporation paying the expense, as behoove it to do, I going for the good of the community, and especially for the benefit of those with whom I sat in council. Accordingly, well instructed anent what I was to sift, I went into Glasgow and took out my ticket, being mindit to go by the mail, though our gudewife, Mrs. Wamle, thought it would be

more fashionable to go by the steamer, from Leith. Thus it came to pass that in course of nature I was on the road, and this writing is a gospel account of all I did in my mission.

The travelling to London by the Glasgow mail-coach is not a very felicitous sederunt, for it is too tedious, and, with three other passengers, is a sore hampering of the legs, inasmuch that, before a man is half way, it could well be dispensed with. Nevertheless, from Carlisle, where we met with divers other stages, and took on board fresh passengers, we had a jocose party, all delegates going Londonward, anent the Reform. Among others, there was a most civilized man, who was the shirra of a county, and though he was, no doubt, a judge, he had a slake of the Tory about him that I jealousy was not in a conformity with the spirit of these troublesome times. Being, however, a discreet man, I saw he would accomplish the turn he had in hand, though if it were like

mine, he would in the course of the doing find it difficult, and no bairn's play.

Much most edifying discourse we had as we travelled along, and it was the opinion of us all that it behoved Parliament, and specially the House of Peers, to make a timeous concession; for although a great deal could not be said of the good the Reform would do, yet it was required by the people, who will sometimes have their own way, in spite of reason and common sense.

Observes of that kind were not lost on me, but nourished in my bosom. "If," quo' I to myself, "four discreet gentlemen of us, from four different airts of the wind, are all going to London-town on one end's errand, that surely is a sign of something:" and I pondered of the significance that is in the first verse of the second Psalm:—

" Why rage the heathen, and vain things  
Why do the people mind?"

That, said I, inwardly, is a Tory sentiment,

and would deserve a reflection, being in Scripture ; but the Whiggish reply to it is really a perplexity : —

“ Kings of the earth do set themselves,  
And Princes are combined !”

And it is, I could not but conclude, because kings and princes are combined, that the heathen rage, and the people mind vain things. “ Now,” quo’ I to myself, in my meditation thereon, “ it is as plain as a pike-staff, that unless the kings of the earth and the princes thereof, refrain from combining, the heathen will continue to rage, and the people pursue vanities. Therefore, unless the royal combinations, or Holy Alliance, can be put down, there is no hope of the people relapsing into moderation :” and I had a deep thought within myself on this head, the out-coming of the which was, that the world is turning upside down, and no one can prognosticate the upshot.

At last we got to London, a wearied man was I ; and after getting some sleep in the

publick where the coach put up, I hired a hackney-chaise, and went to the house of my wife's cousin, in Nightingale-lane, Wapping, to confabble with him where I should stay, hoping he would have the discretion to press me to bide in his house. But, dear me ! the Londoners have no sagacity in giving names to their things: Nightingale-lane was just a grumphiè close, not a path of more pleasantness than the main street of the Goose-dubs, in Glasgow. And as for my wife's cousin, Mr. Harrigals, he was not just a man of the civilized world, for in order to get quit of me, as I thought, he, in London-fashion, told me at once, considering my business, that I would need to look for lodgings at the west end of the town.

He was glad to get rid of me, I trow, for he went down with me himself, and got a boat, that took us both up to Westminster-bridge, a long way, for a shilling ; and from Westminster-bridge he took me to a neighbouring close, they



call Manchester-buildings, and there we got most comfortable dry lodgings with an old lady of the single gender.

When he saw me thus fairly off his hands, he insisted that I should go back with him, and take a chack of dinner, as I could not but be so forefoughten with my travel, as to be in no condition either to call that night on the Duke, or the Earl, or the Lord Chancellor, whom, he said, was above them all. I accordingly went back with him; and, when we had dined, we had some very sensible discourse, concerning the Cholery and the Reform, over our tumblers.

When the time came for us to part, he got a cab, as they call it, which is just a whisky with a comical head, and a wee one stuck to the side of it, like a lampet on a stone; but it was just extraordinary how the lad that sits in the wee one, needled and worm'd through among the carriages in the streets. I was in a terrification lest some of them would rive off the wheels; and it was not without a reason that I

was so. for just as we turned into Manchester-buildings, which has not a facile entrance, the cab whambled against a stone, and before I could say megsty, I was sprawling in a gutter, and the misleared driver wallowing aboon me.

Mrs. Reckon, my landlady, was a very thoughtful woman, and never forgot number one; for as soon as I got intil the house, seeing me all dirt, she recommended a glass of brandy, as my clothes were dabbled in the damp mud but having no brandy laid in, she said that she would get some of her own speedily: and accordingly, as I made no objection, out she went, and in she came with a mutchkin, and gave me a running-over glass, which settled my inside. Shortly after, she came again into my parlour, and inquired what I would be pleased to have for supper—a lobster or oysters. I said that I was not fond of either: “then,” said she, “I’ll bring you a Yarmouth bloater or a salt herring; for I had staying with me Mr. Jobbry, the member of Parliament, and he was just

delighted with a red herring, or sometimes a salt one for his supper, when he came from a dry debate in the House of Commons."

This was so obligatory in her, that although I really was in want of nothing, I could not refuse her civility, especially as I did not know what a Yarmouth bloater was, and so I told her to get what she thought best; but I trow she, or all was done, made her politesse salt enough, for the red herring that she brought on that occasion, calling it a beautiful Yarmouth bloater, was charged in my account at the Samaria-like price of a whole sixpence. In other respects, however, except her weekly bills, I had not a great because to complain.

Next morning, having dressed myself, I went to see Mr. Scripterson, the solicitor that we employed to oppose the great Foot-kite Bridge Bill on behalf of our borough, to take his advice and to consult him as to the state of the Government; but when I went there, lo and behold! he was a red-hot Whig, and could see

nothing but balsam and plaisters in the Reform Bill for all the sores of the nation. I was really confounded to hear a man of his repute so far by himself, but my natural sagacity soon saw that I had committed a mistake in going to him at all, for all his life he had been employed in opposing measures, and naturally was with the Whigs; but I said nothing to him, only was very thankful for his shrewd counselling.

No sooner, however, was I out of his house, than I went straight to the other solicitor that was for the Bill, and he being an experienced Tory, saw the whole affair in a most proper light.

“Give yourself no uneasiness, Mr. Wamle,” said he, “this frenzy for reform is but a fit; it will soon pass over, and the Duke, with Sir Robert, will, in less than a month, be reinstated in the plenitude of their power.”

“Then, Mr. Prosper,” said I, “if the news be true, ye woudna advise me to have any thing to say with either Lord Twilight or the Lord Chancellor.”

“ Oh,” quo’ he, “ that would be most absurd: why, Sir, if there be no other cause, they must resign from inexperience; the Whigs are not men of business; they will become confused, and out they must go. It is as well, however, to let the country see, for a little time, what they are made of, and then the party is gone for ever.”

“ Really, Mr. Prosper,” quo’ I, “ your tidings are glad tidings, for a change in the government is not an easy matter to a borough-town; for even before I left ours, the black nebs were beginning to shoot out their horns, and there is no saying how crouse they may become, if they get the upper hand. But what’s your opinion anent my waiting on the Duke, for don’t you think that he’ll take it very kind to hear that we are standing by him in his adversity; for the which, no doubt, he’ll have a consideration when he comes again to his kingdom, which, from what you say, Mr. Prosper, surely cannot be far off?”

“As to waiting on the Duke,” said he, “I am not sure that this is just the right time; besides such sort of personages are not very accessible.”

“That,” replied I, “is very true; for I have heard that civil gentlemen are in office very proud, and sit at their desks

— as idols dumb  
That blinded nations fear,

and are not to be seen in a Christian time; but the Duke being a soldier-officer, will of necessity be more easily come at; for when I was a bailie I made an observe that ye could na make a mistake in going to a soldier-officer, if it was on business, by night or by day, specially if he was an experienced man: sometimes the ensign laddies were a thought fashious to deal with, and no overly pleased to be disturbed when at their ploys; therefore I am none daunted at the thought of giving the Duke a morning-call just to inquire his opinion of things in general.”

Some further conversation ensued, and I thought Mr. Prosper a little overly in dissuading me from going to the Duke, which was a matter that I could not understand. However, seeing him very Torily in his own opinion, I thanked him most cordially and then came away, and went straight to the Union-hotel to see what my fellow-travellers, who were staying there, had done or were intending to do; but it was not my policy to let them know the important intelligence that I had gotten, but only to spy the nakedness of the land.

I found them together, and with them the surviving magistrate of a town in the west, all with long faces, and each of them with a separate newspaper, reading the hopes and the dooms of their different towns.

“Well, Mr. Wamle,” said one of them, that had the wide double flaad of the *Times* newspaper in his hand, “what knowledge have ye gotten concerning this stræmash?—is your borough a gone, Dick?”

“Dear sir,” replied I, “very little is the satisfaction that I have gotten; for, really, the Londoners I have been conversing with, dinna appear to have a mouthful of sense better than our own hamert folk; some say one thing, and some say another thing,—but, to trust to them, would be for the blind to follow the blind.”

“That’s very true,” said another of the squad; “and I think it would not be an ill part of the reformation to flit one of the Houses of Parliament to a canny and quiet country town.”

“That would be a radical job,” cried the surviving magistrate. “How d’ye think the nation could warse through if the House of Commons was out of town.”

“For my part,” answered his friend, “I never could understand what either the Government or the Houses of Parliament had to do in London;—it surely would be far better if they had their wark and their clatter in a quieter place.”



“It is because London is the metropolis,” said I, “and naturally the head of the state.” But none of the gentlemen understood this, though the surviving magistrate thought it a very good reason.

“But,” replied another, “a reformed Parliament will see to correct that, with other abuses.”

“It certainly would be good for trade,” said the gentleman who was for flitting the House of Commons, “if the Government went about the country, followed by the Houses of Parliament, in their own carriages. Would ever, do ye think, the play-actors stroll from place to place, if they did not find it for their own advantage?”

“Oh, sir!” cried the surviving magistrate, “would ye liken Government to a gang of players?”

“That’s most revolutionary,” said another of the gentlemen.

“Oh, we don’t know,” quo’ I, “what this Reform is to bring about.”

After some more judicious confabble of this

sort concerning national affairs, I took my hat and came away.

At first, as it was a long time till dinner, I was at a loss what to do with myself; for my intent was to dine at an eating-house, in order that I might hear among the guests what political opinions were rife; so, after a hesitation in the street, I recollected that the Provost had given me two lines to a friend of his, one Mr. Gaut, whom he said was a man that would give me most excellent advice. Accordingly, as I had the letter in my pocket-book, I went to deliver it, and found Mr. Gaut at home.

He received me with great civility, and heard from me what I had come to London upon; and when I told him of the story of the deputation, I saw his eyes twinkle with heartfelt satisfaction; and then he inquired how I intended to proceed, which led me to tell him something of what had happened with the two solicitors; at the which he observed, in a concerned manner, that he doubted if either of them could be of

much use to me ; whereupon I remarked that my dependance was not great on them, for my own notion was to wait on the heads of the parties—such as the Duke, the Earl, and the Lord Chancellor.

On hearing this, I could see a change come over his countenance, and his eyes sparkled as he said that the affair could not be more wisely devised.

“ But,” said I, “ Mr. Gaut, what is your opinion as to which of them I should see ? ”

“ Oh, see them all,” said he ; “ you cannot do better.”

“ That’s true,” quo’ I, “ in a sense ; but who do you think I should first call upon ? ”

“ By all means on the Duke.”

“ That’s my own opinion,” was my reply ; at which he gave a kind of a keckle that I wasna just pleased with, and said to him a thought sedately—

“ Mr. Gaut, I am very serious.”

“ So I see,” said he, with a decorum face.

“ Well, do not make a fool of me, Mr. Gaut.”

“ That is not in my power,” said he, more conciliatory ; and then I begged he would let me know when I would be likely to find his Grace at home.

“ Oh,” said he, “ you cannot be much mistaken in that, for the Duke is an early riser.”

“ So I thought,” said I ; “ soldier-officers, as my experience has found, are very accessible.—About what hour, do you think now, may I find his Grace ? ”

“ Probably before seven o'clock in the morning he may be in his dressing-gown.”

“ Aye, Mr. Gaut, that's the way to win battles ; it'll be lang to the day before ye'll find one of our ordinary lords ready for battle by seven o'clock in the morning.—And what is the way I should proceed ? ”

“ Oh, just go to the gate, give a loud rap, and tell the servant who answers it who you are, where you have come from, and what is your business.”

“ That’s no a kittle task, Mr. Gaut—I can easily do that ; but do you think I should make a particularity in my appearance when I call ? ”

“ Oh, not at all ; there is not the slightest occasion for that.”

“ And so you think, Mr. Gaut, he’ll no be angry with me ? ”

“ Angry, Mr. Wamle ! the Duke is not a dog, that he should even bark at you. But, before we proceed farther, remember you are to come to me after you have seen his Grace.”

“ I think there’s no use to lose time ; if it’s no being overly instantaneous, I may as well go to him the morn’s morning.”

“ ‘ If it were done,’ ” said Mr. Gaut, “ ‘ when it is done, then it were well that it were done quickly ;’ and therefore breakfast with me to-morrow, and tell me all that shall have then passed with him. One word, however, Mr. Wamle—don’t let it be known to a living soul that you intend to wait on the Duke ; depend upon it, if you do, some will think it a very

extraordinary thing ; and it may have an effect on the funds, which are just now very nervous.”

“ Oh, you may depend on that, Sir ; but, indeed, for your sincerity and cordiality, I would not even have mentioned my intent to you ; but your heartening has taken the wavers from me.”

So when we had fully deliberated on this very important step, I rose to come away ; but when I told him of my intent to gain insight into the politics of the metropolis, by eating my dinner in an eating-house, he offered to go with me, which I was not just pleased to hear ; for it would obligate me to pay for his dinner, as he was so very instructive. However, I was resolved, while I was in London, to put a stout heart to a stey brae, and so I said how happy I would be of his good company ; but as it was still, he said, too early, he would walk out with me, and shew me some of the lions of the town. This was most condescending, and so we came out together ; but somehow he forgot the lions, and I saw only one on the top of a house, near to

King William, Charing Cross, which did not appear to me a great ferley; but we saw a house with the bones of a whale in it; and, that I might make no mistake, he went with me as far as the Duke's dwelling, which stands in a pillary place at the town-end.

Having done all this, we came down, through St. James's Park, to Manchester Buildings, and saw very grand things by the way; and in a particular manner we saw that monument of extravagance that has been such a cause of the Reform, the new palace of Buckingham House, and likewise other edificial structures of a frush nature, being plated brick: but I made no remark, tho' grieved I was to see such a waste of public money on unfinished edifices that are now building. Howsomever, one thing gave me great pleasure, and that was the swans in the water in the Park, and divers ducks, with droll eyes that were just curiosities. Mr. Gaut, seeing me so ecstatic about them, speiret if I had not a few moullins in the bot-

tom of my pouch to feed the water-fowl with, which was surely very ignorant of him to think a man of my years would have moullins in my pouch—I have not had such a thing since I was at the school; there was, however, an old wife with a stand of biscuits and English parliament-cakes, as Mr. Gaut called them, at the yett, and we bought a pennyworth of them, and went back and gave the swans (stately creatures!) a pick, which made Mr. Gaut, in a jocularly, to speir if it did not go against my conscience so to minister, in such times, to the sinecurists of the Court.

We then walked on together when we had fed the swans, and went in search of, as I requested, a creditable house, where we might hear the news and get our dinner; but I soon saw that he was not on very familiar terms in the coffee-house that we went to, for nobody knew him, and as I was an entire stranger too, the whole of the gentlemen there stood in awe of us, and never spoke above their breaths, but



only in whispers ; so I got neither news nor satisfaction.

“ A man would need to know something of his companions in London,” thought I, “ before he talks familiarity with them.” In short, that dinner, the whilk we had together, was just a kind of a *dies non*, though there was in a sense some diet, as I remarked ; at which Mr. Gaut laughed like a demented man some time, and then said, the king’s fool himself could not have made a better pun to pleasure his Majesty. Soon after, taking up his hat, he proposed we should “ desert the diet,” which surely was very funny.

When we left the coffee-house, he proposed we should go to the play-house together, as may be we might there get some glimpse of the popular feeling, which I was so much in quest of, and accordingly we went thither ; and when we arrived at the door, he inquired what part I would like to go to ; whereupon I proposed that we should take our seats in the pit, and we

did so ; but I cannot say I was altogether at my ease there, for the house was as crowded as a kirk on an occasion, and a terrification of pocket-pickers came upon me that was not comfortable.

Before we came, the acting had begun, and there they were rampaging on the stage, and wringing their hands in the most disconsolate manner ; but whether they were enacting a tragedy or a farce, Mr. Gaut could not tell me ; he was, however, inclined to think it was a drama, and when I inquired why he thought so, " because," said he, " of that grand Turk in it, and that other ill-shaven man." But, whatever it was, I could make nothing of it, and really it was very fatiguing to sit it out ; but, however, at long and length, all the ladies and gentlemen performers came out saulying on the stage, and the fiddlers struck up " GOD SAVE THE KING ;" and all the congregation rising, there was as melodious a noise as I have

heard for some time, which was gladness to my ears, and I said—

“ There’s no revolution here, every body is so loyal.”

Then there arose a loud ramping of feet, and a clapping of hands, and a fearful crying from the upper regions for “ **RULE BRITANNIA ;**” and when it was sung, as it was with a dreadful birr, I inquired of Mr. Gaut if the people had any apprehension that they were to be made slaves, they were so very resolute in saying and singing how they would not.

His answer was a consolation—“ You have heard with your own ears, Mr. Dean of Guild,” said he, “ how well they have relished ‘ **GOD SAVE THE KING ;**’ no doubt, if his Majesty be a sensible man, he must have great reliance on the loyalty of this night. What better proof would any man wish for, that there is to be no revolution, than such loyalty ? And you may judge, by the bray of the galleries when ‘ **RULE**

BRITANNIA' was singing, by what an enlightened people the Reform is supported?"

But we were interrupted in our discourse by the playhouse skailing, which revived my terror of the pocket-pickers, for that is the time when they are busiest at their vocation. So we hastened out into the open air, and the night being far spent, Mr. Gaut put me into a hackney, and was very particular with the chaise-driver, saying to take me home by the shortest way, for I was a stranger from the country; then bidding me good night, and telling me to be sure, after I came from the Duke, to come to him in the morning, he walked away.

But surely the playhouse was a long distance from Manchester Buildings, for the ne'er-do-well driver was more than an hour on the road, and stopped by the way at a publick, and had a bottle of porter, inquiring if I would not have one likewise. At last, however, he brought me home, and charged me five shillings, which

surely was extortionate. The character of such cattle is, however, well known ; and I did not argol-bargol long with him, but paid the money, as the Corporation was to bear all. I could not away with the thought, however, how Mr. Gaut was so indiscreet, with all his knowledge of London, as to say to the man that I was a stranger ; it was as good as to tell him to wander me by the way ; and, as I had observed once or twice that he gave a sort of inward laugh when I was most serious, a fear came over me, and I said with an ejaculation, " What will become of me if this Mr. Gaut is not a sound man, and all his egging of me to go to the Duke be but a sort of divilry ? "

But this apprehension wore off before I went to bed ; for, although it was very late, I told Mrs. Reckon that I would like a hot tumbler, being scomfished with the play-house—which she was not long in getting ready, having the kettle, as she told me, always boiling at night.

The toddy soon set me on pleasant terms with my circumstances, and, by the time I was in bed, I had pretty well considered what I should say to the Duke next morning ; for there did not appear so rational a way of coming to the marrow of the matter as by seeing himself, which, upon reflection, made me contrite that I had for a moment misdooted the soundness of the advice of Mr. Gaut.

I had not that night a composed rest, for my head ran all through it on the Duke, and long too soon was I awake. I did not rise, however, till after six o'clock, and, not to be unseasonable, I did not leave the house till I had heard the town-clock in the neighbouring Abbey chap seven.

My walk up the Park to the Duke's yett was very sober : I pondered well of what I ought to say, and the more I pondered, I grew the more perplext. At last I came to the house, and being counselled anent the rapping, I gave a knock on the brazen gate, as if I had been

ca'ing a nail in with a hammer ; at the which a fat gasy frunky opened it.

“ Does the Duke live here ? ” quo' I.

“ What Duke ? ” said he, looking at me saucily, from top to toe.

“ The great Duke, ” was my dry answer.

“ Whats your wife's name, ” said he.

“ Ah, ah ! ” quo' I, “ ye want to ken mine ? —but ye'll look two ways for Sunday before I'm explicit ;—but is this the Duke of Pumpington's ? I kent it was.”

“ It is, ” said the man, a little cowed from his audacity.

“ Then, my man, ” said I, “ ye'll just let him know that the Lord Dean o' Guild of a borough that he knows right well, has come all the way from Scotland to speak with him concerning an extraordinary come-to-pass.”

I would not have been just so peremptory, but I saw by the looks of the man that he needed a daunting. So when I said this, he took off his gold-laced hat, and called me “my

lord," saying, "I did not recollect your lordship; for when I was in Edinburgh, with the Earl of Clawback, at the king's visit, my Lord Dean of Guild was, I thought, a different sort of looking man."

"Very well," said I; "but let the Duke ken that I'm at the door."

After some fraca with another flunky, I was taken in by him, and shown into a room, where, as sure as death, there was the Duke himself, at that early hour, sitting on an elbow-chair, with his legs dangling over the arm of it, in a festoon-like manner, reading a pamphlet.

He rose up, and having requested me, with the height of discretion, to take a chair, said—

"I did not, my Lord Dungaël, at first recollect your lordship's title; but I perceive you do not come often to town."

How could the Duke know this? I told him, then, that this was my first jaunt of the kind.

Then he inquired; really just like a plain other man, of what particular business I had



surely was extortionate. The character of such cattle is, however, well known ; and I did not argol-bargol long with him, but paid the money, as the Corporation was to bear all. I could not away with the thought, however, how Mr. Gaut was so indiscreet, with all his knowledge of London, as to say to the man that I was a stranger ; it was as good as to tell him to wander me by the way ; and, as I had observed once or twice that he gave a sort of inward laugh when I was most serious, a fear came over me, and I said with an ejaculation, " What will become of me if this Mr. Gaut is not a sound man, and all his egging of me to go to the Duke be but a sort of divilry ? "

But this apprehension wore off before I went to bed ; for, although it was very late, I told Mrs. Reckon that I would like a hot tumbler, being scomfished with the play-house—which she was not long in getting ready, having the kettle, as she told me, always boiling at night.

The toddy soon set me on pleasant terms with my circumstances, and, by the time I was in bed, I had pretty well considered what I should say to the Duke next morning ; for there did not appear so rational a way of coming to the marrow of the matter as by seeing himself, which, upon reflection, made me contrite that I had for a moment misdooted the soundness of the advice of Mr. Gaut.

I had not that night a composed rest, for my head ran all through it on the Duke, and long too soon was I awake. I did not rise, however, till after six o'clock, and, not to be unseasonable, I did not leave the house till I had heard the town-clock in the neighbouring Abbey chap. seven.

My walk up the Park to the Duke's yett was very sober : I pondered well of what I ought to say, and the more I pondered, I grew the more perplext. At last I came to the house, and being counselled anent the rapping, I gave a knock on the brazen gate, as if I had been

come—which caused me to reply without trepidation, that in our borough we were in great straits, not knowing how to comport ourselves in the hobble-show of the Reform, and would be glad of his advice.

“Why,” said he, “that’s soon given: do what you think’s right.”

“Ay, my Lord Duke,” quo’ I, “what would your Grace advise, if we were to turn reformers.”

“If you are so inclined, you have no need of my advice.”

“But we’re not yet so inclined, please your Grace; for until it is settled that the Whigs are to keep the power, we have resolved to make no change in our principles.”

“A prudent policy!” replied the Duke; and I thought I could discern a downward crook in the corners of his mouth, which was not to the purpose; but, before I had time to make an answer, he again said,—“But your business, my Lord Dungael?”

Now, what I had to do was not a matter that could be settled by such short questions; and so I said, in answer, very sedately—

“We are not sure among ourselves what is to come out of this Reform; and being intent to keep a calm sough, we would rather follow your Grace, if we saw that it would be for our advantage; but if there was no hope of your restoration, it behoves us to consider about siding with the Earl.”

“It is impossible,” replied his Grace, “that I can be otherwise than delighted to think that there are many like you in the country!”

“Then your Grace does not yet despair of being taken into the king’s council?—because, if you be certain of that, we will be true to the back-bone.”

“I don’t doubt it;”—and rising from his seat and pulling the bell, he inquired of the servant who answered it if the *Times* newspaper had come; which I saw was a signification to me to

come—which caused me to reply without trepidation, that in our borough we were in great straits, not knowing how to comport ourselves in the hobble-show of the Reform, and would be glad of his advice.

“Why,” said he, “that’s soon given: do what you think’s right.”

“Ay, my Lord Duke,” quo’ I, “what would your Grace advise, if we were to turn reformers.”

“If you are so inclined, you have no need of my advice.”

“But we’re not yet so inclined, please your Grace; for until it is settled that the Whigs are to keep the power, we have resolved to make no change in our principles.”

“A prudent policy!” replied the Duke; and I thought I could discern a downward crook in the corners of his mouth, which was not to the purpose; but, before I had time to make an answer, he again said,—“But your business, my Lord Dungael?”

•

Now, what I had to do was not a matter that could be settled by such short questions; and so I said, in answer, very sedately—

“ We are not sure among ourselves what is to come out of this Reform ; and being intent to keep a calm sough, we would rather follow your Grace, if we saw that it would be for our advantage ; but if there was no hope of your restoration, it behoves us to consider about siding with the Earl.”

“ It is impossible,” replied his Grace, “ that I can be otherwise than delighted to think that there are many like you in the country !”

“ Then your Grace does not yet despair of being taken into the king’s council ?—because, if you be certain of that, we will be true to the back-bone.”

“ I don’t doubt it ;”—and rising from his seat and pulling the bell, he inquired of the servant who answered it if the *Times* newspaper had come ; which I saw was a signification to me to

he may have been is passing to his setting. A soft word and a pleased eye would have made me his friend, and if our borough turns an adversary, he may thank himself."

"Then you are very much dissatisfied, Mr. Wamble?" said he.

"Oh, no, ye're in a mistake there," quo' I, "but when a man is dividing a nation with another power, it behoves him in my opinion to be both more cool and condescending. The right in this world needs right handling."

"Ah! well," said Mr. Gaunt, "so the poor Duke is out of your books?"

"Not just yet," said I; "he'll do very well to take his instructions from another—but he's only an executive man. I have a doubt if he think there is any other way of guiding mankind than by driving them. He's a soldier, and soldiers all must be led; they can do no good unless there is one with a head, you understand, to lead them; and we want a man that knows truth, and speaks truth just like the Duke, but

ken what the Duke does a ken—that the truth's not to be spoken at all times. I don't mean that what is untrue is to be ever spoken; but there is a judicious suspension of integrity that should be practised even when the heart is fullest."

"Really, Mr. Wamble, you surprise me;—but having now done with the Duke, what do you intend next?"

"I have not to a perfection resolved whether to call on Earl Twilight or Lord Besom first; and, as I understand that their tailor, one Mr. Pension, has a great deal to say with them, I mean to have something to say with him before I wait officially on either."

"You are very right," said Mr. Gaut; "and I beg you to let me know what you do, for I am much interested in the result of your enterprise."

So, after some further talk of this kind, breakfasting among hands, as he was going out on business, I took my leave of him for the day;



and coming along, I began to consider with myself the best way of making an acquaintance with Mr. Pension.—“That,” said I to myself, cannot be a hard matter; for, as he keeps a shop and sells clothes, I have only to go to his shop, and speak to him concerning some matter of garmenting, and so gradually slip myself into his confidence.”

Accordingly, I went straight to his shop, and seeing in it a very respectable looking man, I said—

“Mr. Pension, would ye have the goodness to take the measure of me for a pair of gumaushins?”

“Gum—what?” said he.

“Gumaushins,” said I.

“I never heard of such a thing,” he replied; “what is it?”

“Now,” thought I to myself, “ere is a pretty sample of a political economist, not to know what a pair of gumaushins is!” I then explained to him that they were spatterdashes, to keep off the sparks of the street: so out of this we

had a jocosse-parlez voicing ; and if you man was Mr. Pension, we were soon on the best of footings. Then I said to him, just as it were by-the-by, that I had come from Scotland on a political business that would obligate me to see some of the big wigs of the Government ; but that, being a plain man, and never in London before, I did not well know how to set about it.

“ Oh, nothing is more easy,” said he ; “ who do you wish particularly to see ? ”

“ I have been thinking.” quo’ I, “ that had I twa canny words in a corner with my Lord Twilight, my turn would be soon done.”

“ I should think,” said he, “ that may be easily managed.”

“ Indeed ! how ? ”

“ Why, you see, he is busy all day with Government work, and shaping out tasks for others, and in the evening, he must be in the House of Lords ; therefore, if you want to see him, you must so manage as to catch him after the House of Lords breaks up ; and, therefore, I would

come—which caused me to reply without trepidation, that in our borough we were in great straits, not knowing how to comport ourselves in the hobble-show of the Reform, and would be glad of his advice.

“Why,” said he, “that’s soon given: do what you think’s right.”

“Ay, my Lord Duke,” quo’ I, “what would your Grace advise, if we were to turn reformers.”

“If you are so inclined, you have no need of my advice.”

“But we’re not yet so inclined, please your Grace; for until it is settled that the Whigs are to keep the power, we have resolved to make no change in our principles.”

“A prudent policy!” replied the Duke; and I thought I could discern a downward crook in the corners of his mouth, which was not to the purpose; but, before I had time to make an answer, he again said,—“But your business, my Lord Dungael?”

•

Now, what I had to do was not a matter that could be settled by such short questions; and so I said, in answer, very sedately—

“We are not sure among ourselves what is to come out of this Reform; and being intent to keep a calm sough, we would rather follow your Grace, if we saw that it would be for our advantage; but if there was no hope of your restoration, it behoves us to consider about siding with the Earl.”

“It is impossible,” replied his Grace, “that I can be otherwise than delighted to think that there are many like you in the country!”

“Then your Grace does not yet despair of being taken into the king’s council?—because, if you be certain of that, we will be true to the back-bone.”

“I don’t doubt it;”—and rising from his seat and pulling the bell, he inquired of the servant who answered it if the *Times* newspaper had come; which I saw was a signification to me to

he could not have been more on thorns, and his eyes might have kindled candles. He turned to the right, and he turned to the left, and was just in a restless ecstasy, like a blue-bottle fly with a pin in its doup.

At last that Lord, who was really, I must say, a most provocative man, being out of breath, sat down; and up stotted the Lord Chancellor—and, I trow, it was not to seek what he had to say. His words were as elshins, and his tongue like a sharp two-edged sword, with which he run the other lord through the marrow of the soul, and made him cry “a barley;” but, upon the whole, I could not discern the national advantage of yon birr and bantering—or, of what repute it can be to a Statesman to get the wyte of being an ill-tongued tinkler. Really, yon flyting made me very sorrowful; for, if they have such a heart-hatred of one another, they should fight it out: it looks unco’ like a sham. I’m sure, the clashing of cold iron, that was the

fashion among our forbears, was much more to the purpose than the spitting of venom out of a foul mouth.

At first, I thought that something deadly would ensue; but I called to mind, a fracaw between two old women, who had a quarrel something about a hen—and what they said to one another, knocking their neeves in each other's face, and staring with wrath, as if their eyne were pistols, and would shoot—was so very like the outstrapulous conduct of yon twa aquafortis lords; and yet they never, though I thought their mutches in jeopardy, came to blows. Yon may be parliamenting, but it's a humiliation to human nature.

After they had made an end of their barking, there was some solid conversing among the other Lords, which was endurable to hear after such a tempest. I could not, however, help thinking, and it's a real truth, that I have heard as much gumption spoken in our clerk's chamber anent the calamities of the kingdom, as among

yon feckless congregation. They did not fill me with any awful ideas, though they were seemingly in a great stress.

The sederunt lasted till a late hour; and a discreet man, that stood near me, shewed me Lord Twilight; for I inquired, in order that I might know him when I went to his house—but, dear me! I'm sure he was not just the kind of man that I expected, but a slender, genteel man, with a bald head—very clear in the sound of his voice, with a style of language that put me in mind of a new light-preacher on his trial. He didna appear to me, what a reformer ought to be—for a reformer should be a sturdy, stern earl, with knotted brows, and fit to bear the riving and rugging of anarchy and confusion: a little short, stumpy character, with a parrot's neb, and a mouth speaking great things, would be more suitable. Accordingly, I was a little off my eggs—"He's ower genteel," quo' I to myself, "for a revolutionary character; but I'll can better speak of his qualifications when I

have confabulated with him, as I mean to do this night." So being then a little fatigued, I was just on the point of going away to get a bottle of porter—for listening to orators is dry work—but it seems, I'm sure I can't tell why, the debate ended, and the House broke up, which made me, instead of thinking of the drink, to run down stairs; and I was just in the nick of time, for when I got to the door I saw the Earl stepping into his carriage, which I ran after as fast as possible, and got intil the street where he lives, just as it stopped at his door. I stopped likewise, where I then was, till he got out and was in the house, and the coach had come away; then, leaving a judicious interval, the which I measured by going twice up and down the street, I took courage and went to the door, with the knocker of which I gave a most genteel flourish, as I had done in the morning on the Duke's yett—and presently it was opened by a lean man; for his master, as I thought, had not been long enough in the possession of the good



things to fatten him into a debonair appearance.

Having explained to the lean kine before-mentioned what I wanted with the Earl, what I was, and where I had come from, with how I was forefoughten by waiting the whole afternoon on my own legs in the House of Lords, knowing that his lordship was ower throng to see me in the regular hours of business, I had made bold to come upon him in his leisure. The man, seeing that I was a wice-like person, showed me into a red room, something between a library and a parlour, with grey marble pillars in the middle of the floor, bearing up the roof like those that Samson pulled down on the heads of the Philistines; then bidding me wait, he said, that although the hour was late, and all the rest of the household had gone to bed, he would let his lordship know that I was waiting to speak with him. Accordingly, he went out of the room, and left me alone.

As it was, to be expected, I, being by myself,

looked around at the particularities of the apartment, which, I will say, was a very decent room ; but it was not grand enough, I thought, for the prime minister of our realm ; and yet, though it was not so well furnished as the Glasgow provost's dining-room, it was nearly as big ; but the furniture was a thought more odd, which, I imagine, was owing to its being a room for seeing strangers in, and all red to hide their shame.

By-and-by the door was opened, and the servant showed in a long, genteel man, with a powdered bald head, and called him my lord : he was of an erect stature, but of a pale complexion, very well bred, rather stiff, like the laird of Riglands, but he was more courteous withal ; and had a white waistcoat, and a blue coat with yellow buttons, which was not like any minister's I have ever seen, for they always wear black—but a king's minister and a minister of the gospel are two very different sorts of men.

With more decorum than I could have expected, he requested me to ease myself, in a very pleasant manner, whereupon I sat down intil one of the easy chairs ; but I could observe, by the tail of my eye, that he did not sit down himself, but walked about the room for fear of making himself ower joke-fellow-like with me : no doubt this was well ordered in him ; but I called to mind in what shape I had seen the Duke in the morning, with his legs dangling over the elbow of his chair, and how he rose up at my enterance, and put himself in a more Christian-like posture ; but, of course, I said nothing—only I thought to myself that there was more method and less freedom in the manner of the Earl than the Duke ; and yet, to tell God's truth, I was at a loss to say whilk I would have preferred ; for, although the Earl was more prejinct, and, I will say, of a genteeler manner, the duke was, upon the whole, a character better practised in affabilities.

As it was far in the night, I made a short

tale, telling him of what an unsettled state we were in, because of the coggliness of the government—that we were greatly fashed about it, and the more so by a sough that had come forth: how we were to be reformed and put upon a new footing.

The Earl heard me to an end very patiently, I think more than the Duke would have done, and one by one made answer unto the heads of my discoure, concluding, aneat the Reform, that something was wanted; for that at present our town-council returned the member whose actions had as much to do with the generality of the burgesses or freemen as it had with the magistrates themselves.

Really yon man spoke very sensibly, and I could not deny but what he said was very true; but answered him, saying, that the burgesses or freemen, or what he was pleased to call them, who chose the bailies into council, knew beforehand that they gave them the power to choose a delegate to meet those of the other bourghs,

and, therefore, no ill could come of the practice.

“That is very true;” said my lord, “but the custom is not uniform throughout the nation, and the times require that a national custom should be uniform.”

“Ay,” quo’ I, “the *Times* is a very good newspaper; but on this head it is said to be neither well-informed nor overly correct about our Scottish bourgh.”

“The *Times* newspaper!” said his lordship, with a reddening look of surprise—but, in a moment after, he checked himself; for he saw that it would never do to give his opinion of a journal to which his government was so much beholden; and I, seeing this, changed the discourse, and came to my errand by saying,—“And so, my Lord, it is your opinion that we should have a Reform?”—whereupon he replied, “I think so.”

“But,” said I, “will the Houses of Parliament, do you think, grant it?”

“Why,” said he, “the Commons, you know, have declared for it.”

“Ay, ay, my Lord,” quoth I; “but ye ken the old by-word says, that it is a foul bird that files its own nest;” whereupon he gave a well-bred smile—for I jealousy it is not the custom for men of his degree to laugh like common folks. Howsomever, I added—“But, my Lord, is it your opinion that the ministry will stand, if ye cannot carry the Reform Bill?”

“What then?” said he.

“Nothing,” replied I; “but we would like in our town-council to know in time, that we might suit ourselves for the change.”

He did not give me a direct answer, but said, “That is a question that depends on the king’s will and public opinion;” and then added, that he was very fatigued, and really the newspapers seemed to know as much about the matter as he did.

Not to be unreasonable, I rose from my seat; and, wishing him a very good night, I came

away, but not till I had seen that he was well pleased with me, and gave another of those polite smiles whereof I have been speaking.

One good thing came of this crack, though it was not quite so satisfactory as it might have been, and that was a resolve to read the newspaper more attentively than I had done; for yon reddening look that he gave me, when I spoke of the *Times*, is not soon to be forgotten.

I then returned to my lodgings in Manchester Buildings, where my landlady, thinking that I would be disjasked with the lateness of the hour and my travail all day, had the kettle boiling for me, and a tumbler with a soup of brandy in it, covered with a saucer which held the sugar; saying, as she asked me if I would have any, that she had put the saucer above the glass, because liquor was liable to be poisoned with the flies. I thought this was a very good observe, and when I had drank my toddy I went to bed, and had as comfortable a sleep till the morning as I could have had, had my

gudewife—as the old sang sings—been “ sound by me.”

This was on a Friday; and, next morning and all day, I suffered a great constipation of the understanding; for those who had come with me on the same end's errand were not to be met with—they were hither and yon; and it was plain to be seen that something was brewing, but what it was could not be well understood. In short, I was in great perplexity, and, by the time I went for my dinner, I resolved to see my Lord Besom, and put to him a plump question; but, before seeing him, I thought it was expedient to learn what sort of man he was; so, after taking my dinner in a most comfortable way, I thought that I could not spend the evening better than in this investigation.

When I had finished, I went to the house of Mr. Gaut, and had a solid conversation with him concerning Lord Besom; but I did not find Mr. Gaut willing to be very off-hand with me.

He said that no doubt he was—meaning the



Lord Chancellor—a very clever, fearless man, but too much of a hempie for him.

“ Well,” said I, “ if that’s your opinion of him, I will maintain that it’s no an ill similitude of the man ; for I saw him last night sitting on the sack of wool in the House of Lords, and really he appeared to me a very camstrary carl : first and foremost he louped up, and because he had nothing to say that was to the purpose, he made a long speech. ‘ Hooly ! hooly ! ’ cried I to mysel’, ‘ if you expect to carry your purpose, ye maun e’en make your mouth mimmer ; we would na thole such a rampageous provost in our town-council, and the rest of the world are, I trow, as debonair. For a time, my man, it may do you credit to be like a vi-triol bottle, but a bottle of wine is more to the purpose.’ In short, I was not overly pleased with him when I saw him sitting on the sack of wool, and coming to the bar like an old maid in a Scotch measure, sweeping along to meet the House of Commons—so I wist not what to

do; but Mr. Gaut advised me by all means to see himself, and to have a crack with him concerning things in general. However, not to summer and winter anent this head, I very cordially agreed with Mr. Gaut, that I could do no less than wait upon Lord Besom, and that, as a public functionary, I had nothing to do with his capering character, but just to send in my name.

So, next day, being the Sabbath day, instead of going to the kirk, I thought it would be employing my time as well by going to see the Lord Chancellor; and, accordingly, it being a smur of wet, I hired a hackney and went to his house, where I told the flunkie that opened the door what I was come upon; and he requested me to alight, showing me into a room where there sat, biding for my lord, a number of ill-faured persons, all sitting as glum as folks at a draigie.

While I was waiting, I had my ruminations anent them that were there, thinking to myself

that they were come of a radical seed: for, said I, Whigs are really creatures of another-like principle: for the most part, continued I in my inward thoughts, there is not a very great difference between Whigs and Tories, and only, I have thought, that by their dress you could tell the one from the other. A Tory, said I under my breath, a man may always tell from a Whig, by his clean primrose-coloured gloves, lank habit of body, and very fashionable clothing. The Whigs are not so particular, but they have, for the most part, blue coats and washen-buff cashemere waistcoats: some of them, however, have parrot-nebbed noses; but I am a thought jealous, that those with particular noses are not right Whigs, whatever their bearing and speechifications may be; for I have observed, in the course of my life, that the parrot-nebbed are proud-hearted. Howsomever the clanjamphrey that I met with at the Lord Chancellor's were not of that kind of hook-nosed patriots which might have been there

but an unwaashen crew, with white handkerchiefs tied a-jee, and smelling high of liquor that is not called cinnamon-waters, though, I'll ne'er deny it, it may be as good in a cold morning when the wind is easterly.

By-and-by a serving man came in, and named the different groups; at last it came to my turn to be called into my Lord's presence, and I found him walking, in a most majestic and ministerious manner, in the middle of the floor of the room; I examined him well, and found that he was not fat, like Jehoiachim, but a spare man, high in bone.

After a while, looking at me with his nostrils as well as his eyes, he said to me,—

“ So, you are the Dean of Guild of your borough?” naming our town.

I considered my answer well before I gave it; then I said, “ Yes,” looking at him with a scrupulous eye.

“ And what has brought you to London?” said his lordship; which made me answer, that

I had come by the Glasgow mail coach. Whereupon he turned on his heel, and his eyes were as if they would have kindled candles; but he nevertheless replied sedately, that he thought every body now-a-days travelled by the steamers.

“That may be,” quo’ I; “I dinna misdoubt your lordship’s word, when I say that the world has in it more fools than your lordship’s most obedient humble servant.”

“Then you don’t like steam?” quo’ he.

“It was a better world,” quo’ I, “when we travelled under one peril; but now we have both fire and water. Eh, preserve us! what an anarchy it would be if a steam ship should catch fire in a storm, at the dead hour of night!”

He made me no answer, but drawing his hand over his mouth, which he has a great trick of, he seemed very well pleased, which caused me to say,—

“Talking of anarchies, my Lord, what are the private sentiments of your lordship about this change, that they’re talking anent, in the king’s government?”

“Aye!” said he, standing stock still, “have they got that length? I had heard that they were very obstreperous about Glasgow, and that in Renfrewshire they were no better; but I never heard such a thing minted. What sort of business is chiefly followed in your borough?”

“Deed,” quo’ I, “we are of a sederunt sect—chiefly shoemakers for the export line, and muslin weavers of a particular faculty.”

“Aye, aye,” said he, “that accounts for it; men of sederunt professions are very apt to be troubled with vapours from empty stomachs.”

“They couldn’t have a worse complaint,” said I; “but I hope your lordship, for all your sittings in Westminster-hall, and on the sacks of wool in the House of Lords, has still been preserved from vapouring.”

From less to more we had a very couthy crack, and he told me that wheat grew on cornstalks in England; and, no doubt, there would be an alteration in the Corn Laws sooner or later.

I thanked him for giving me such important information.

Upon the whole there is certainly something in yon man ; but I agree with Mr. Gaut, that he would be none the worse if he rampaged less ; and I hope it's no treason in me to say, if he would make his speeches less for out of the doors than he does ; for when I heard him flyting in the House of Lords, it was less about the peers present than about some ones that get up the back stairs.

However, when I came to reflect at home in my lodgings concerning what had passed between us, I could not rightly understand the drift of all he had said to me, yet he spoke a great deal ; and when he was speaking, every word was as clear as a silver bell ; but when I came to sift them in a composed manner, they were all timber-tuned and cracked, not a mouthful of common sense, buck nor stie, could I make of them ; only I brought away a very distinct image of the man in my recollection ;

and I could na devaul from thinking that he might be a very good kind of a man; but the overly rouse of himself was too perspicuous, which I was sorry to notice for the sake of our auld country, Scotland, where we are a sober, sedate people, and never make our plack a bawbee, unless we see a reason for it. He may see a reason, I'll no deny that, for yon kicking and flinging; and I fain hope he does—I would be loath to think that it comes of natural carnality, seeing that it is said he was bred and brought up in the gude town of Edinburgh, the which, particularly the New Town, is for all manner of excellence called by the inhabitants thereof the Queen of the North, and the Modern Athens, with other fool names, however, that would take a Blue and Yellow to understand.

Thus having had, as they call it, an audience with the then stoups of the kingdom, I went home, and, as behoved me, I had by myself a very solid reflection, the orthodox out-coming



of which was, that I could do nothing by staying in London; for really, as I could not hide the truth from myself, our borough had not a right influence upon the yeas or nays of the Reform; so I packit up my ends and my awls, and settling with that decent woman, Mrs. Reckon, I put myself in a hackney, and came away that night by the Glasgow mail-coach from yon scene of corruption.

---

#### REMARKS.

ON looking over the foregoing, I am, in some degree, apprehensive that the sketches of the three public characters may be suspected of being derived from my own opinion of those distinguished men. If the reader should happen to fall into this error he will do me great injustice. I have only endeavoured to look with the eyes of such a person as the Dean of Guild is supposed to have been, and to feel as he is described to have felt. But, to avoid

every possible mistake, I deem that it may be as well, once for all, to state what I really think of those to whom I have no other apology to offer, for the presumption of using so much freedom, than that they are public men, and what is implied in the adage, "a cat may look at the king."

Of the Duke, without offering any opinion of his illustrious services, I do think, throughout the Reform discussion, he has shown equal impracticable consistency and honesty. History furnishes few examples of a higher "style of man," and it is as impossible to withhold admiration as to give him applause. Had he been more flexible to the spirit of the age, he might have done more good to his country; but I doubt if he would have stood brighter with mankind, for he is one of those whom Providence appoints for examples. The benefit he may have been the means of bestowing to the world by the new and elevating impulses by example he has given to reflection, should

be compared with the prejudice, as a party man, which he may have done to England.

Of the Earl I know not well what to say; he is the likest a Tory in all his bearings of any one that professes to be a Whig. This is praise, but it may not be so received. Of all men that I have ever seen, he is the last that, in my opinion, would be intentionally guilty of a mean action; even when he errs, he is entitled to respect, there is obviously so much of a lofty and sincere mind about his occasional inflexions: it is this that makes him stand so eminent among his contemporaries, and will hereafter entitle him to be classed among epochal characters, proving that it is not so much by what a man does, as by the manner of his exertions, that his fellows acknowledge his superiority. It has been objected to him, that he uses his power for the advantage of his connections—those who are of this opinion should prove that he has ever made unfit or unworthy appointments.

Full thirty years have elapsed since the "Bold Baron" first attracted my attention: in all that long series his star has continued in the ascendant.—I know of no greater man now in this age; for although others may have become more distinguished by their actions, yet I do not think there is any one that so rises with circumstances. His genius reminds me of fire, increasing in vehemence, intensity, and glory, in proportion to the magnitude of what it embraces.

But, with this extraordinary transcendency, he often disappoints. His mind, to use a figure, is composed of bones and sinews, but the muscles are disproportionate, and his immense strength greatly exceeds his beauty;—a colossus of intellectual brass, his stupendous magnitude can only be ascertained by comparing him with other men, as the relative magnitude of structures and mountains can only be seen by placing them in the same picture together. I cannot express my contempt at the endeavour which

I sometimes hear to detract from the superiority of this giant, by comparing him with the common gnats and fleas of the law. It is in the vastness of his mind that his genius consists: the cobbler in the stall, at the bottom of Downing Street, can make a better shoe, I doubt not, than either of the triumvirate.

But there is a mystery about the Baron which I cannot fathom; for, although I think it would require and be worthy of an Immortal to tear him from his pedestal, he does not seem to belong to the earth. His speeches do not appear very wonderful in the hearing; but it is by the smallness and the local nature of their ideas, whoever they may be, that come after him, that you are filled with amazement at his power. I have often been so sensible of this, that I consider him as a kind of moral Mahomet: he begins as a reformer, but may end with establishing a new creed.

I, therefore, cannot assent that any other notion of those illustrious individuals can be

mine not in conformity with these high sentiments; and if it be thought I am extravagant, I request the reader, who thinks so, to compare the transactions of the present time with those of any period of anterior history;—posterity will envy the contemporaries who have seen these mighty men.

There is another point on which I should be explicit. In all time it appears to me that there has been two antagonist principles in the world—the principle of defence and that of attack. The former always actuates men in power; and the latter abides with the people. We in this country call the defensive, Tory—and the offensive, Whig. Now I, as one, think that there can be no safety but by strengthening the old works,—by adapting them to resist the enterprises of the Whigs—a conduct which necessarily implies acknowledgment of the necessity of constructing new means of defence, the better to repel new measures of attack. Old forms must be maintained, but we must not lay open the

citadel by taking down the ancient walls,—which is what the Whigs desire to do. Whether, in this notion, I am right or wrong, I am not in a condition to learn a different lesson from that in which I have been brought up. Indeed, I greatly incline to think that nature has more to say in dividing the world into Whigs and Tories than many of us are willing to allow; at least I never could understand why I have always felt more inclined to side with those who have endeavoured “to bear the ills we suffer than to fly to those we know not of.” In short, if there be not the antagonist principles that I think of, then I would inquire what the difference is between a Whig and Tory.

## THE BLACK PIRATE.

---

THE sickly and pestiferous shores of the Mississippi are not often visited by travellers, both from the scarcity of objects to excite curiosity, and from the prevalence of the fever, induced from the vast swamps that skirt that "monarch of streams" during the latter part of its course. Indeed, the only remarkable circumstance is the river itself, flowing two thousand miles without a break in its flood.

My business obliging me to visit New Orleans in the summer, I left the healthy regions of the Northern State for the poisonous malaria of Louisiana. It is needless to say any thing respecting the voyage down the Ohio and



Mississippi, for they have already been described by numerous travellers; but, in due course, quitting the steam-boat, I entered the town.

At that time the fever was raging, and all those who were able had fled. Nothing was to be seen but dirty black slaves and colourless creoles: altogether the city presented anything but a pleasing spectacle to one accustomed to the more European parts of America, and I was thoroughly disgusted with my first visit to New Orleans. It was, therefore, with no great degree of sorrow that I understood the gentleman, I had come in quest of, had left the town, and retired to his cotton plantation some distance up the river.

After acquiring this information, I went back to the hotel, with the intention of returning next day, up the river to Granville, as my correspondent's estate was called. But it turned out otherwise; the genius of the place had smote me, and I retired to rest with a stupify-

ing and unaccountable illness. The night was like a tropical one, hot and suffocating. I threw open the window, but the only air admitted was the vapour arising from the decay of the vegetable matter brought down by the Misissippi. Having reclosed it, I retired to my couch, and fell into an uneasy sleep. Next morning, the fever had seized me. Stretched beneath its oppression, I lay for three weeks, when the crisis having passed, it left me, having prostrated both my mental and physical powers. Being now, however, "acclimated," notwithstanding the continued heat, I gradually and steadily recovered, until I found myself in a condition to undertake the excursion to Granville.

Not to weary the reader with any detailed account of the joy I experienced on again being in the open air, the more especially as the hero of this tale is not myself, I will be content with saying, that on reaching in safety Mr. Gordon's plantation, I was received with the

kindness and hospitality peculiar to the inhabitants of a new country.

Whilst at that gentleman's house I regained strength by degrees, and amused myself with strolling in the neighbouring forest, occasionally extending my walk further, as I found my capability of enduring fatigue augmenting. It thus happened that, one day, having penetrated a considerable distance back from the river, whilst animated with something like a spirit of enterprise, I managed to cross a considerable marsh, which had hitherto been the boundary of my walk, and strolled on, finding the shade of the woods more agreeable than the scorching rays of the mid-day sun. I proceeded thus for about an hour, when, from my recent illness, being somewhat exhausted, I began to think of returning. But in the same instant, through a vista of the forest, I discovered the hut of a settler.

The sight was not altogether pleasant; for being distant from any other dwelling, and

having nothing that I could see to recommend it, something whispered me that it might belong to one of the runaway slaves, whose characters did not stand very high among the planters; and, my nerves being weakened by the fever, the idea of murder and other horrible phantasms came athwart my brain, till becoming quite excited by the idea, though without any cause, I gave myself up for lost. At this juncture, however, my fears were in a great measure dispelled by a very aged negro coming from the hut, and with much courtesy inviting me to enter.

“ I perceive,” said he, “ that you are wearied, and all that a poor negro has is at your service.”

Having accepted the old man's offer, I stepped into the hut, followed by my host, who quickly set before me refreshments; after partaking of which, I turned my attention to himself. He was indubitably a native African, but there was really something venerable and noble about him—his age could not be under four score,

but his figure was as erect as that of a young man—his stature was considerably above common, and from the mould in which his frame was cast, he must, in his youthful days, have been endowed with great strength. His principal singularity, however, was in the intellectuality of his face: it is true, he possessed the full lips and flat nose of the negro, but they only served to set forth the nobleness of his forehead and the intelligence of his eye.

I am not naturally inquisitive; but the general appearance of the venerable African was such as to awaken the most lively interest, influencing me to such a degree that I could not refrain from asking him how it happened that, in his old age, he had taken up his abode in so remote a place.

“I am tired,” answered he, in French, “of the habitations of the planters; I am free, and, though old, cannot look with patience on my countrymen toiling for others. These woods afford me every thing I desire.”

This answer still more inflamed my curiosity, as one could scarcely expect a negro to heed whether his countrymen were slaves or not. Beginning, in consequence, to think I had fallen in with some of the patriots of St. Domingo, I remarked, that so aged a man must have seen other places than these woods; adding, at the same time, my surprise at his heeding the lot of his countrymen.

“ I have no doubt, Sir,” said he, with some bitterness, “ that it seems singular that one of my degraded race should care whether his fellow countrymen live or die—are slaves or free; but I, who have seen them free, on the plains of my native Africa, can and must feel sorely the change here.”

“ You are, then, an African born?” said I; “ if it would not be painful to you, I would feel much gratified by hearing how you were induced to come here.”

“ If you think it will amuse you to listen to an old negro’s life,” answered he, “ I have no

scruples now in relating it. In what I have to say, you may be surprised; but recollect that the negro, though under another skin, may have the same feelings as the European."

The aged man then commenced his narrative; he spoke French with great fluency, and, having resided long among the Indians, had picked up much of their manner of speaking, which rendered him really eloquent in a manner impossible for me to imitate, especially in parts where he was excited by the remembrance of his wrongs. The following is as nearly a translation as my recollection can now furnish:—

"I was born," commenced my aged hero, "two or three hundred leagues from the waters of the great ocean; my village was not disturbed by the tread of the cruel white men, and when our warriors went out to battle, it was with our ancient foes; children of the same soil: we lived in enmity, but our enmity was better than the European's peace. Such was my village, when I first awoke to sorrow, slavery, and degradation.

“Years rolled on: Mahoi increased in strength; his arrow was swift against the pitiless hyæna on the plains, and he began to contend with the enemies of his native land. At this season the curse fell on the country; the Europeans armed his enemies with the deadly rifle, and, like a scourge, they swept the warriors from the fruitful vale and the ancient habitation. The storm passed on, and, at the call of vengeance, every son of the Hingoes marched to meet the foe. Mahoi was not absent—his village was distant, but the cry was loud—and he left for ever the dwelling of his youth.

“Then came the tidings through the fated land, that those whom our enemies carried from the field of battle were counted as the price of the white man’s assistance, and were borne afar on the wide ocean from their friends and their country. The cry for revenge rose louder; but when the day of promised retribution came, the clubs and arrows of the Hingoes fell under the storm of death-bearing bullets of our enemies.



“ Mahoi's countrymen were defeated, and hundreds borne in triumph by the victors to be sold, driven into the condition of the brutes for the selfish gain of the white man. He himself was among the prisoners.

“ He gazed on the water-courses that flowed to his country, and thought of things far, far away; but yet, as every sun led him from his kindred, he hoped each journey would bring him to the place of his destination. But, no; onward they went, and one by one the rivers that he knew disappeared. Still he looked on the trees, thinking them the same; but, alas! as his masters approached the sea, those also changed—and then Mahoi felt himself, indeed, a slave.

“ The white men say the negro forms but a race superior to brutes; yet the poor black felt, with the anguish of the wounded deer, the pang of being torn from his country. Mahoi remembered its green pastures and its shady hollows, and wept to think he was going to a place

from whence he never could return. The negro may not have ambition, but he is content to live in penury. What is falsely called misery, forms his happiness: he is satisfied; he never breathes a sigh for better things; his wants are few, and he can bear them. But how different are the whites! Never content, never happy, insatiable ambition spurs them to destroy even the comfort of the poor, defenceless black. They say, because his skin is of a different hue, his heart must be so likewise; none can have human feelings but the white; yet they forget that, when the skins of both are torn, they bleed alike; so is it with their hearts—the same misfortunes break down both; and yet to make the white a slave is death, while to enslave a black is, at the worst, a necessary evil. Think not Mahoi felt no pangs at being separated from every thing dear.

“The springs of his heart were dry, and he grew like the savage beast of the desert. But the fit passed, and in utter vacancy did he first

look on the broad Atlantic. That sight revived his woes; he expected another shore, but none appeared,—nothing but the heaving breast of the ocean.

“ The Hingoo was shipped on board a Spanish brig, with two hundred more of his unfortunate countrymen; he, who had ever been free to go, and free to return, was fastened with chains in the noisome hold of a small ship, shut out from the sight and breath of heaven; and, in place of the sighing of the breeze, the sounds that met his ears were the shrieks and groans of expiring friends.

“ The vessel sailed—and then the horrors of a sea voyage, to one who had only seen the mountain torrent in its fury, came. The blossom of the young tree was blighted, and Mahoi longed for death. The fever fell upon the slaves, and every day saw some consigned to the ever-ready deep—but the dart struck not him; his fellow chained to his wrist died, but the eye of the Hingoo was unquenched; the

spirit of his soul became changed; he no longer sighed for the repose of the deep ocean—he cherished in his mind the hour when he might live to show the European what the black man feels.

“ The numbers were thinned by degrees; and when, for the first time, the boom of the mighty cannon penetrated the depths of the prison-hold, the vessel seemed to shudder, and the howls of Mahoi’s fellow-prisoners burst forth. There was a pause, when a heavier crash resounded from the side of the brig as if a mighty arrow had struck her—the shot of the enemy. Quicker and quicker came the thud of the cannon, and heavier and heavier were the blows on the sides, till the water of the ocean began to splash among the feet of the captives; a fearful noise went on above, and the sound of a combat pierced the darkness of the hold. The frenzy of madness came over the negroes, and they shouted for the battle; when, suddenly, their masters came, and unlocking the chains, armed

the Hingoes with cutlasses, and incited them to attack the adverse vessel, promising freedom and restoration to their country as the reward of their exertions.

“The words freedom and country are known and valued by the negro as much as by the white man; and, inspired by hope, we rushed tumultuously on the enemy, and annihilated them in an instant. The vessel was likewise a slaver, as it is termed, nearly full of slaves. The brig was sinking, and the other could not hold near our number. This the black men knew not; and, therefore, after fresh promises, gave up their arms to the whites, who ordered them back to the ship they had just quitted, at the moment, turning several cannon towards the astonished negroes. They spoke of promises—the answer was a shower of shot. Unarmed, they knew not what to do; many leapt overboard—the remainder fled into the commanded vessel. Mahoi, by the instinct of preserving life, sheltered himself behind a mast.

The Spaniards then threw off the sinking brig, and conveyed those who were only slightly wounded, together with the Hingoo and others, down below, 'to make up the cargo of the captured prize : the other Africans perished in the deep, desolate sea!

“ The ship, favoured by the breeze, reached in time the French island of Martinico, where the negroes exposed for sale were treated like a herd of oxen. Mahoi, the hunter on the mountains, was examined as a bullock. The whites call the blacks less than human ; but let them think how they would feel, dragged from their country, crowded into a narrow vessel by hundreds, landed like bales of goods, and bought and sold like swine ! Would they then show the intelligence they boast ? No, no ;—the negro feels, under a different skin, the same hardships, and they produce the like result.

“ Mahoi was sold—sold to a man who could tell the number of moons the negro would live under his treatment, and calculate the profits

wrung from the poor black's life. But Mahoi's soul delighted not in servitude ; he remembered, like a dream, the freedom of his youth, and his heart grew buoyant with the hope of being free ; he cried to his forefathers, and they whispered ' Mahoi's day will come—revenge is on the blast.'

“ He was led to the plantation of his master, where there was no palm-tree to shelter his head from the sun, and no stream to cool his wearied limbs. The only shade was that of the lash of the white man—the only streams poured from the toil-stricken bodies of the slaves.

“ Mahoi remembered his youth, and he felt the spirit of freedom in his bosom ; he smote the task-master to the ground, and turned his footsteps to the deep woods. The cry of pursuit arose ; but the foot of the negro was swift, and the course of his arrow straight ; they hunted him like a wolf, with blood-hounds, and like a wolf he turned on his pursuers. The three that came out never returned—the shaft of the Hingoo

pierced them, and they died far from the house of their masters.

“Mahoi joined himself to others, and the young tree again flourished in freedom ; he became the leader of a band, but the craft of the white man drove him from the woods ; he turned on his track, and at the dead of night crossed through his foes ; many never awoke ; he passed on, and the morning sun saw him on the deck of a war-sloop. Some of his men had been employed at sea, and, as commander of a vessel, the Black Pirate turned his thoughts on revenge—a negro’s revenge ! He recollected his treatment, and he said to himself,—‘ The Hingoo will show them that a black can forgive—Mahoi will punish, but he will not kill.’

“ The westerly breeze bore him swiftly from the island of his slavery, and, with the wings of the eagle, he flew across the deep. Night closed in, and the breath of the earth died away ; the deep became still, but another besides Mahoi was on the wave—it was the vessel of his former



owners. He had not seen it long ; but a glance was sufficient to tell it was the same.

“Quicker than the flight of the hungry bird, darted into his mind the determination to take her—to rescue hundreds of his countrymen from slavery was his will, and with Mahoi the execution was not long delayed. He left three men in charge of the sloop, and with twenty others rowed in the boats to the assault. The night was hot and sultry, and sleep had overpowered the Spanish watch—all but one ; he did not perceive the boats of the negro till they were within gun-shot. The alarm was then given ; but the bullet of destruction had sped, and the Spaniard sunk. His companions started up, and hastily prepared for defence. A volley was fired in the midst of them, and another instant saw the pirate on the deck. A fierce and desperate struggle ensued ; but they were panic-struck, and all captured.

“Then came the thought of retaliation in a manner that might make them feel pity for the

black. Mahoi had them brought before him, and upbraided them with their treacherous cruelty. He asked them what less they could expect than death ; and when they begged for life, he—the despised negro—forgave them.

“Next day they were landed, and Mahoi added to his band those he had rescued from the scourge of slavery—he was the leader of two hundred freemen. But he knew that, though he might himself be content with revenge, his followers loved rather the spoil of the European. But the arm of Mahoi was strong, and the breeze of heaven soon drove four vessels before it to make the white man remember in his distant home, that blacks could feel and repay injuries. Never did he repay them in the blood of those he captured ; but every thing else was the reward of his followers.

“The name of Mahoi became known, and a price was set on his head ; but his ships were swift, and his followers brave, and none returned as they came forth.

“ He swept over the seas of the West Indies, until five-and-twenty summers were added to his years, employing himself in destroying the vessels engaged in entrapping his unfortunate countrymen; but, then, the thought of the pleasant country of his youth came again over his mind, and the favouring gale quickly impelled the ships of Mahoi to the shores of Africa.

“ The vessels swept up to the place where the Hingoo had been dragged away, and he sent ashore to ask the white man’s leave to ascend the country with those who longed for their native vales. The messengers never returned—they were seen hung on a tree: the Black Pirate was known, and his men were received as the foes of the white man’s gain.

“ Mahoi vowed revenge, and the third day saw the smoke of the fort ascending, and the vessels of the negro afar on the wave, to renew again the attacks on his enemies. The sun rolled on, and the breeze bore him, swift as an

arrow from the bow, to the scene of his splendour. But the sun of Mahoi was setting, and the darkness of defeat lowered on his career.

“The bright sky was dimmed, and the stars were shrouded in clouds, but the vessels of the pirate swept on—the tempest had never injured them. The breath of the sea was stifled, and the sail hung listless on the mast; but the heavens were dark above, and the moan of destruction sounded over the waters. It was not new to the ear of Mahoi; he had seen and had braved the tempest and the battle—he feared neither.

“The storm rushed on, and the billows rose around the bark of the negro—the hurricane flapped his wings—the ocean and the deep was the grave of many of his band. The masts were rent from his ship, and it lay like a log upon the foaming wave; but the eye of the Hingoo was not dim—his heart was as when he chased the bounding antelope.

“The tempest slumbered, and the wrath of

the elements was hushed ; but, though saved from the depths of the Atlantic, the shaft of misfortune was winging its way towards Mahoi. Afar, on the distant swell, was descried the rising of a ship, bearing down on the disabled hulk that once had braved the blast. It was a frigate fated to bear the Black Pirate to the tribunal of the whites. It held on its course undeviating, and the defenceless vessel was descried. As a hawk pounces on its prey, so did the frigate dart on the Hingoo—as the flash of the lightning into darkness, so was the change from the leader of a well known fleet to the captive of the hard-hearted European.

“ Mahoi was led before his captors, and chained like a felon in the hold ; but the African soul despised death, and the mind of the warrior was unshaken.

“ Three mornings brightened on the face of the earth, and the fourth found Mahoi in the prison of the whites. His deeds were known, and he had not long to wait his trial. They led

him before the judge of their island, and the chiefs of those he had fought with looked on the negro.

“The orators of the white man spoke—they told of the deeds of Mahoi, and said he deserved to die—that his crimes were many, and that he was the scourge of the sea.

“They told Mahoi to answer—and the negro spoke. They desired him to defend himself—and he addressed them :—

“ ‘Chiefs of the Europeans,’ said he, ‘your words are not false—it is the boast of the Hingoo to say, he has stricken the white man in battle; but never was the hand of the warrior raised when the foe was at his mercy;—no, the negro did not make his captive a slave, and wring out from his weary limbs an easy life for himself. No, he treated him with kindness, and poured milk on his wounds :—none can say, the Black Pirate hurt the defenceless. But, chiefs of the white men! hear my accusation, and listen to the feeble voice of an injured black.

—Your boast is of superior intellect, and we are called worthless—fit but to minister to your enjoyment:—yet hearken to the woes of a negro, and then condemn him, if you list, to death.

“ ‘Mahoi was bred on the mountain, and flourished like the young eagle on the crag; but the net of the fowler was spread, and he fell into the cruel snare—they dragged him from his country, his native free Africa, to the land of the lash of oppression. In the time of need they promised him freedom; but their words were wind, and the profit of selling the Hingoo was too tempting. They sold him like a brute, and like a brute they drove him to the labour-field; they goaded him with whips, and the stroke of deep injury bit into his flesh. But Mahoi was the son of a freeman, and his spirit rebelled: he stretched out his hand, and he was once more free. He had seen—he had felt the hardships of slavery; and he swore to die in rescuing the hapless African from that doom. Yet, in all

his career, his hand never fell on the helpless ; nor was his ear shut to the voice of the needy. —No, no ! Mahoi is not to blame ;—he strove but to stay the arm of oppression from his countrymen. You are the aggressors—shame on your bold badness ! You tear the cub from the tigress—and do you ask why she avenges the crime with blood ? No, white men, if justice remains in your bosoms, Mahoi is exculpated. Would not you—nay, do not you make war among yourselves, to save your fellow’s property ?—and, would you ask of Mahoi, why he spurns the yoke you fasten on the neck of his kindred ? Mahoi can die—but the spirit of freedom will never die.’

“ Mahoi was silent, and awaited his fate. The judges consulted together—and long was the suspense of the negro. The white chief came back—he said in a solemn voice :—

“ ‘ The crimes of Mahoi are many ; but his trials have likewise been numerous. The hand of death is stayed:—the Hingoo lives a slave ’



“The white man ceased; but the negro had heard his words. He was again a slave—once more beneath the lash of the tyrant. He prayed for death; but the countenance of the white man grew dark, and the scowl of anger came over him. They removed Mahoi from the court, and led him in chains to the work.

“He toiled during two moons; but, in the third, the lamp of his soul rekindled, and the Black Pirate waited for freedom. The time came—he was ordered to cross to another Island—they took off his fetters, and placed him between two soldiers; but the eye of Mahoi was open, and his vigour was renewed.

“As the boat breasted the wave, the Hingoo smote the European, and plunged into the surge of the ocean. The ball from the musket went swift—but swifter was the plunge of the negro. He reached the shore in safety, and fled with the wings of the whirlwind.

“Far in the distance lay the boat of one of his tribe; the wearied Mahoi reached it—but,

the negro was false, and refused to aid his flight: the wild beast was ordered to return to his cage; but the strength of the Hingoo remained, and he left the traitor on the sands.

“ The wings of the wind fanned his sail, and the boat flew on the boundless ocean. Three suns rolled on—Mahoi tasted no food, and his strength was devoured by hunger. But, when the fourth morning brightened in the east, a ship descried him, and the poor black was treated with kindness. The springs of the negro’s heart burst forth anew; he forgave his injuries, and resolved no longer to molest the white man. They told him that his countrymen in future were not to be dragged from their homes—that their vessel sped to prevent the hideous traffic; and Mahoi rejoiced in his heart. They bestowed on him all the poor negro wished—and he re-entered his boat with an altered mind.

“ The wind blew steadily, and the little bark hurried on its course. The shores of America

darkened the horizon; and Mahoi resolved to make his home with the savage—an outcast like himself—both alike persecuted.

“The Hingoo landed, and the Indian received him with kindness, and healed his wounds; he became a warrior, and his name was known among the Choquaws;—he was the war chief of their tribe. But the negro and the Indian are alike injured. The remorseless white pursued our tribe, and the blood of the red man stained the green leaves of the forest; and yet Mahoi was safe, none ever struck him on the war-path.

“The doom of the Choquaws was sealed—it was confirmed in their blood; but Mahoi was left, for he was not taken in the snare of the pursuer.

“Thrice has he viewed the waves of the Pacific, and long has he hunted through the woods; but the winter has fallen on his head, and the negro of four-score summers is alone on the earth. Far from the land of his birth, he will perish, and the maw of the wolf will be his tomb.”

Thus ended the narrative of the aged black. By making use of the French language, he overcame the hesitation otherwise attendant on a negro's speaking English; and his always expressing himself in the third person took away any little egotism in his tale. It, however, very much surprised me. In common with many others, I had supposed the negro of an inferior race of man; but the specimen before me altered my views; and I considered, as the old man said, the hardships they went through, and their degraded condition in slavery; and thought, that till they had a fairer arena for the contest, they should not yield the palm to the white man.

## A GREENWICH PENSIONER.

“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;  
Full many a flower is blown to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

THE noblest monuments of national gratitude to glory ever raised are in England. It was worthy of the country which produced Shakspeare and Milton to possess Greenwich and Blenheim.\* Often, when a young man, I was in the practice of visiting the former, and it is not easy to de-

---

\* The mansion at Hyde Park-corner is well enough, it is as good as Marlborough-house ; and it is in consistency with the great Duke's character that so little should be said about his residence at Strathfieldsay ; but, really, John Bull has some claims to be informed of what is doing there, and the architect should consider this. Earl Nelson, also, would incur no blame were he a little more ostentatious.

scribe the feelings with which I was affected at seeing the invalids and veterans, under the stately colonnades, or sunning themselves along the southern façade of their magnificent home.

On one occasion, I was there with two friends from the country; and we were taken to see a blind sailor, who had reached the antediluvian age of more than five score. In talking with him we discovered that he was familiarly acquainted with our part of the kingdom; but, as he spoke the kind of general English which prevails in the army and navy, we did not at first observe from what part of Scotland he had come, till, in answer to a question about his friends, he replied, that "to be sure he had a fether and mither, but they were all dead, the hail tot o' them;" which left us in no doubt he was from our neighbourhood. This old man was literally alone in the world: his patriarchal age, his solitary condition, and the asylum assigned to him were interesting to the imagina-

tion, and, in thinking of them lately, I threw together the following imaginary narrative :—

### THE TALE.

LONG ago, when America belonged to England, and we had beat the French in all the four quarters of the globe, the Virginy trade was briskest in the Clyde; and my father, who was an English sailor, went to look for bread at a town called Greenock, in the west of Scotland, where he was told berths were plentiful, and sailors in request. He had married my mother when he was discharged from the man-of-war, and I was born in the year; so that, by the time he returned from his first voyage to Charlestown, she was in a state to join him, taking me in tow—a yaul of a thing.

I do not mind where we moored ourselves on arriving at Greenock; but I have a notion it was somewhere near “the tar-pots,” or the “cross shore,” we lived aloft, however, in a garret-room, up a turnpike. The land had

what the Greenock folk call a scail-stair, and it took us up to the house, where other sailors' families lived, and a lanerly widow, whose gude man had been out in the forty-five:

My father was a brave, rattling lad, and whenever he came home off a voyage, we had—that is, my mother and me—shining times of it; for he liked to make his glittering money fly, like the dust in a summer's day, saying blithely, when my mother thought him over spirity, that it was more in the scattering than the gathering that right seamen made their valuations. She was a fair and gentle woman; and I thought, because she spoke the English, that she was surely come of something o'er the common; for the generality speak a horridible lingo in Greenock. However that may be, I forget now where we came from, and she died before I was four years old, so it is no wonder; but I cannot forget herself: she was, I think, the most of a lady I ever seed—so sweet and so pleasant! Sure am I, had she been acquaint with



the queen, she would have been ta'en on for a maid of honour, or else have had her fortune made. But she died, and was buried in the west kirk-yard ; I carried her head by the coffin string ; for I was a little boy, and my father was on the sea.

At night I missed her, for she lay aneath the yird, and would not come, though I grat sore, and said the burial bread they gied to pacify me was dreadful, and I wanted her to pree't. But the young heart, though it may prove drowdy afterwards, stots up when cast down by the hand of misfortune. I soon forgot my kind and loving parent, nor did I see my fine, merry father any more ; for the ship he was in was lost, in the hame-coming, in the Bay of Glenluce, and he, with the captain and another man, were plucked from the boom by a billow, and carried away by the wave.

Thus it came to pass that I was bequeathed an orphan to the christianity of the neighbours ; and old Janet, as the widow was called, took

me for an amous, saying often, though she was a bare woman, that "He who took the pains to make the creature would surely provide for it;" adding, "the rich might buy braw cleeding, but the poor had of Nature the comfort of the warm heart."

Being thus taken ben by Janet, who had but her wheel for a bread-winner, and the kirk session for her almonry, I became to her, as she often said, as she kissed me in the gloaming, when it grew ower dark to spin, the sugar in her cracket cup of life, "which the Lord had been pleased to mask wersh, wersh and thin!"

When I was grown up from a bairn to a callan, I was sent to a school, for which grannie, as by this time I had learnt to call old Janet, paid a penny a week to the master;—I mind the rate well, because not being used to hain for the cost, she had only a halfpenny; and I was sent to borrow another from the neighbours; but

they had none to lend, the hearing of which made her, with the tear in her eye, go to the family below, and tell her stress. When she got the penny made up, she brought it to me to take, saying, "what would come of the poor, if there was na a Lord in the heavens!" However, with an ettle and a thole, she brought me up, and in course of nature got me made a cabin-boy, with Captain Crosstrees, in the tobacco trade; and her house was my home till she died in the winter after, and left me alone in the world, with a Bible, which was in the session roup spared for a residue; indeed, they would have roupit even that, but she was in the way of calling it Billy's book, which made a neighbour woman tell the unctioneer that it was all my heritage.

It is a heartsome thing for a friendless orphan to be a sailor-boy; for if he behave himself he makes friends of all on board, as it is natural for those that are stowed together to discern a

necessity to bear and forbear, like rats and cats and mice in a cage ; so

“ The ship she was my dwelling place,  
And my home was on the sea.”

The only dule I dreet while I served my time, was a thought now and then when at Greenock, and our ship was laid up a 'tweesh voyages, for there every one had his father's house, or some friend's to go to, but I had none ; and I was then as a wandered waif about the quays, wearying, but keeping up my heart with the hope that, as every captain had to be first a cabin-boy, my time would come by-and-by.

At last I went to the night-school to learn writing and 'counting, for kind old Janet could only pay for my reading in the question-book and the Bible ; and in the last year of my 'prenticeship I was belayed to Hamilton More and navigation ; and, in the passage out that spring, the skipper taught me to take observations, and said I did so well that the mate

could not do better, which was to me an omen that I would rise to be myself a captain. But it's well for us that a fog lies on the land a-head, and that hope gars us true it hides a brave country.

In coming in, just between Bute and the clough, fornent the point of Toward, there was a man-of-war's boat in shore on the look-out, and she came off to our vessel. I yet see her oars as she is coming, glancing in the sun. She had a midshipman with a press-gang on board, and when she reached us they sprung on deck. They were not, however, ravenous; for they only took three men, but they were the pick of the crew. I being a lawful 'prentice they could not meddle with me, but there was one Robin Buntin that they made a prize.

Robin was a sightly lad, no a year married, and was very vogie with the thought of seeing his young wife. But when he was pressed his heart filled full; and the tear was ready to fall from his eye, when he went to the steerage to

rowst up his kist. We were all very sorry for poor Robin, but said nothing for a time, as it was, in those days, the duty of every sailor to obey the call of his king and country.

I mind as well as yesterday, that I was sitting on the windlas, seeing the pressing, and saw the wee midshipman looking at me with the tail of his eye, like a pyet at a pick or a worm ; thrice he speart my name at myself, and asked, just by-the-by, what it was at another, looking on my indenture, which he got from the captain, as if it was kittle to read ; for he was a gleg younker yon, and knew well that an anchor was not a buoy.

This pawkie, and the dumps that Robin Buntin was in, bred thoughts in my head, especially when he said to one of his men, that he wished he might nab me, and leave Robin, who was so down in the mouth.

When I heard this, and thought my time would soon be out, and that all the wide world

and the sea to the bargain, was only the orphan's lodging, I stepped out, and said to the middy, that if he would get leave from the captain I would go for Robin.

In a jiffy the charter was made: Robin was set free, and blithe he was. I was taken into the man-of-war's boat, every one on board shaking hands with me at the gunwail; the very skipper was jovial, and said it was a symptom that I was ordained to be an admiral. It was the first day I felt what it is to be proud, and I thought he spoke a prophecy, for that was what grannie had called me.

Being taken to the Savage at the tail of the bank, we were not long on board till soon it was known, fore and aft in the sloop of war, how I had entered without the bounty: all the officers came and spoke to me; even the captain, when he came off to dinner, was told the whole tot of the story, and he made me on that very day the captain of the fore-top, which gave the men under me great contentation, for all the crew

were well pleased to hear how I had come to save Robin, and for nothing.

That was my first step of promotion, and every one told me that I must get on, for I was then a steady and a tight lad, and, having both my arms, was willing, brisk, and handy.

The next day the captain dined with Mr. Donell at the open shore, where there were ladies and gentlemen, and, among others, Provost Beaumont of Glasgow; and the talk being about me, the Captain said he would bring me to let my lord see me, which, on the following morning, he did; and my lord saying, when he saw me, that I was a strapping lad, gave me a whole half-a-crown to drink the king's health with my friends; but I had no friends, though I thought how grannie, had she been to the fore, would have crowed—but she was in the kirk-yard, where I gaed, in the pride of my blithe heart, to see where she lay asleep. I then went to the schoolmaster, and gave him a glass of grog in a public that was near the foot of



Taylor's-closs ; for I saw but the world before me, a real fine place, and in it no difficulty.

Some few days after this fracas, the Savage sailed with all the pressed men, to man the king's ships at Plymouth, and of course I went with her, being the captain of the fore-top.

I had heard before this of the wooden walls of old England, and had seen a fifty-gun-ship in James-River ; yet for all that, I certainly was a confounded creature, when I beheld the floating castles in Hamoaz, as if they loaded the sea with their size. The very sight made my heart in my bosom grow as bold as a cannon-ball. I could scarcely draw my breath, so big and bouncing was the warrior in my bosom.

I then took an opportunity soon after of speaking to the gleg midshipman that wiled me out of the tobacco-trade, beseeching him to get me recommended to one of those Goliath ships. He asked what for I dreamt of leaving the Savage, where every one thought me so smart ; but I told him that those Babylonian vessels

had beguiled me, and I could not think of staying in such a muscle-shell as a sloop-of-war.

Hearing me so bent on going into yon big ships, he spoke to the captain; and, from less to more, I got myself shipped into the Swiftsure seventy-four, that was going on a cruize to take prizes in the Channel, if we had a war, or were likely to have, with the mounsheers; but it is well known they are very dreigh at London of sending out the orders, especially for a war, so that we had several sails up and down the Channel to no manner of purpose, only the Captain, he knew, by his secret instructions what we were about.

However, it was a pleasant time with me to be in that seventy-four, which could do every thing but speak, being as tight as a bottle, and working with docility.

When we had been out some time we went to Spithead, and off the Mother-bank took on board fresh provisions and a living cow. After

that we bore away down Channel, and made ourselves saucy to the Yankees, who were beginning at this time to kick up a dust, or for liberty to do so; and it happened, as we were standing with easy sail on the banks of Newfoundland, and feeling how warm the Gulph-stream was there, it came to blow cold and blustery out of the north-west. Some of the old stagers saw signs in the sky, which, they said, were tokens of a tempest, and the master, before sun-down, ordered all top-sails to be reefed, thinking that a storm was not far off; nor was he much out in his reckoning, for, as the sun sunk, the wind rose, and, before it was night, blew great guns.

Never till then had I seen what you would call a hurricane, although a winter-passage to Virginy is something, and the Atlantic Ocean, believe me, is not then a mill-pond; but that night every thing was obstrpalous—the moon and stars ran through the carry as if the devil was in pursuit of them—the sea fluttered its

white mane afore the wind, and the ship staggered about like a drunken sailor dancing a jig ; such a night as that was !—but the men were cheered by the crowing of a cock that would never bide in a cavey but roosted on the jib-boom, and defied the blast when it blew fiercest. It was a comical bird, and had the heart of a lion, both in a foul night and a hot battle. However, not to spin a long yarn on this head, the noble Swiftsure was sadly tossed about, and heeled to larboard till she groaned like a bear with a sore head.

But it was a grand sight, and I felt, as I looked at the reeling clouds and the madness of the sea, as when I first saw those champions of Old England taking their ease, dismantled, in Hamoaz.

At break of day the wind abated, but the ship she sprung a-leak, which was an obligation to go into port ; and as we were instructed by the Lords of the Admiralty, who know, by the way, devilish little of them sort of things, in-

stead of going into New York, though the Hook was at hand, and the Never-sink hills not far off, we, with the wind on our starboard-quarter, bore away for Plymouth in Old England, where it was found that the Swiftsure was as leaky as a crate ; in consequence, all hands were turned over to the Sultan, ready for sea, and in which we sailed in less than forty-eight hours, though the Admiralty had not sent the orders yet to take the enemy. Indeed, the newspaper said the French were not our enemies, though to every seaman it was a moral certainty that they had a heart-hatred of England, 'cause of our fleet.

The Sultan was, to be sure, a finer ship than the Swiftsure in the port, but she rolled like a tub when the wind had the least heart in mid-channel. Thus it came to pass, when I was in a fair way of being righteously promoted, she gave a lurch one day, by which my leg was jammed, somehow, by a gun, and I was laid up in ordinary for a long time ; but as it was only a leg that was hurt, I did not much mind, es-

pecially as the doctor said I might recover. However, owing to that mischance, I had little to do with what the Sultan did, and when we returned into port, one of the men of our mess said she had done nothing but bite her thumb nails, like a lubberd ; so I was well pleased when ordered to the hospital.

I never much liked hospital service, where a man has nothing to do but to swallow doctor's stuffs and chicken-broth, which never agreed with my stomach. However, in the course of nature, my game-leg recovered, and I was shipped in the Ajax man-of-war, where we had a short caronnade captain, with a red face and a gunpowder temper, but not ill at bottom, though he was a most unreasonable man, unless he had all his own way, and then he was as courageous as a wedge.

At the time that the Ajax was ready for sea, the signs of war were very heartening, and it was said that the Queen of France had sent our King's wife a diamond stomacher, which, as the

French are well known all the world over for having false hearts, was to every sailor in the Ajax a sure proof that a war would soon ensue; so with this hope we put to sea, but it was all to no purpose—we sailed up and down like a fish in the water, and met with nothing half so warlike as a drove of pellocks that were tumbling, like wull-cats, heads over heels in the sunny calm of a blessed evening in June.

At this time I made a reflection, saying to myself, that unless a man had the good luck to be placed in a jeopardy, it could never be known how he would stand it; so I put down the sedition of my thoughts, and would have been content with my mediocrity; but I was never rated on the books of Fate to be an admiral, or ordained to taste such a beverage as glory.

One day, when I was holding on by a sheet, a marlin-spike from aloft fell, and the thick end happening to be downwards—in other words, head foremost—it struck my left-arm just at the elbow, and smashed the bone, so that the doc-

tor was obliged to saw it off to save dear life, by which, while it was healing, I lost some of the bravery of my thoughts; and now and then, when in the fog, I had no fair-weather fancies in thinking how it had pleased Providence to cast me away on the shores of sin and misery; but still I called to mind how be it is for all, that the King had built Greenwich for sailors, though I thought myself too young for a berth there.

My messmates, seeing me not so hearty sometimes when I looked at my stump, made me think cheerily, by telling of officers they knew who had lost a fin as well as me, and yet would serve the king like men, and never lost their promotion, saying, that in course of nature, while a sailor did his duty, it was not in the power of the first lord to prevent it, far less the secretary. Thus, as the 'putation was healing, I got into the trades of the mind; and, although no longer on the ship's books as an able-bodied, having carried away the lar-



board arm, there was not one in the crew that knew me who did not say he would help me to make up the detriment to the king, so that the loss of my arm should not be missed in the service—for true sailors are right men, and not much sin grows on oak plank. To be sure, in their rigs, they are sometimes very troublesome to Providence, and obligate to look out sharp after them, being as thoughtless as small children.

Thus it came to pass I staid in the Ajax, and was as handy as a Jack could be who has got a mutilation. When I got well, and was used to one hand, I grew again into comfort, and could beat to windward, and thought so to weather cape Fortune, that I was not down-hearted.

At last the mounsheers, then, showed their colours, which was what every king's-man long expected ; for, being on sea, sailors have a better notion of politicals about ships, than the land-crabs, for all their jabber, which is the reason why we have no need of newspapers to keep us right in the fleet.

We were in Portsmouth, snug hauled, when the orders came to put to sea, with leave to grab the French. My eye, such a to-do ! Every man had a balloon heart and was an admiral of the red. The very rigging glowed in the grip, and the ship was as playful as a sucking puppy whose brothers and sisters are with Davy Jones. In less than no time we stood out to sea, the wind right aft—every stitch big-bellied, but not enough for the impatient Ajax.

We bore straight away for Ushant, and had not reached sight of the French land when we saw a black thief of a lugger coming, cowering and skulking along shore. As it was not worth the Ajax's while to step aside, we lowered and manned the launch to take possession ; and the officer in command, seeing my mouth watering to go, gave me encouragement, and I was allowed.

Cheerily we rowed, but the enemy was good stuff, and as saucy as a well-gear'd wench on the point. She fired—but we, seeing she would

be ours, rowed right on, taking no notice. She fired again—I felt something, and there lay my right-hand in the bottom of the boat grasping a cutlass. It was the last shot, and I was handless:—it was God's pleasure, and I was not consulted—but there lay the fin, and my trowsers were bloody.

As the lugger struck immediately after, I was not left long to rue the damage; but being a young man, I could only wish, when I thought of the mortification, that it had been my head instead of my arm; for I don't see the use of keeping men alive who require another to stow away their prog. Howsomever, to belay the tale, I was carried back to the Ajax, and I saw no more the cockt-hat a-head that had been so long the light-house of my dreams.

When I was hoisted on board, I did not think so many in the ship knew me—even the captain came to see me, but he could not light the douced hope again, though he told me of Greenwich, and that a berth was ready for me

there. I wished at the time he had not so tried to cheer me; for I had not till then thought it could be no longer doubted I was born to be a hulk.

But though for a time, and while the ship was at sea, I looked with a hearty face at calamity, yet, being weak with the loss of blood, I often lay in the dark in my hammock, wondering, with watery eyes, for what purpose I had been made, thinking of old kind grannie, that used to call me admiral; but she sleeps sound in the west kirk-yard—and there was mercy in that thought, for she could not see my handless arms.

By-and-by, when our cruize was over, we came again to anchor at Spithead. The next day it was ordered to take me on shore, and as I was sitting with a cold heart on the forecastle unable to work—for both my hands were away—all the beautiful morning of life shone like a vision before me, and I thought how magnificently the mighty Ajax sailed in quest of vic-

tory. In the triumph of the dream, I forgot that my left-arm was then disabled, and I sternly grasped the cutlass that I thought was in my right; but a stun shot to my heart—the hand and the cutlass was for ever gone! It was like a Molly to be so womanish, though I could not help it, and feeling my cheek grow wet, I lifted my arm to wipe it, but the stump was too short, and I could only let the sorrow faster flow.

When the hour came that I was to be handed into the boat—for I could do nothing myself—I felt, though I was so helpless, my heart grow proud and warm, and I bade my messmates good-by as gay as a lark—but I had on a fause face; and when one of them, in heedless regard, held out his hand to shake mine, I could but look in his face—and turn away my head.

At last the boat was ready—the coffin is not lowered into the grave with more sadness than I was into the boat; and I heard a stranger officer who was there say to the captain, “ Poor

fellow!—it was not for this he came for Buntin!” I looked up, and saw it was the midshipman that pressed our men off the Point of Toward, and was so prime with his prize when he took me to the Savage. But grieving’s a folly, and the song of “Poor Jack” being then new, I tried to sing it as we rowed towards the shore.

As it is melancholious, however, to think of these things, I will say no more of them, but mention that, in due time, I was landed at this place long ago, when I was but two-and-twenty; and I am now a grey-haired old man, who is obliged to ask a messmate to open to him his Bible, till death, that is slow of coming; but when it comes, I’ll be ta’en away and not missed, for I am but a cumberer of the ground, and often sin in saying to myself, that it was not right of Providence to give me such a forward heart, and so untimeously, for so little purpose.

## THE LUMBERER.

---

SEVERAL years ago, I emigrated to the British possessions in North America, and I have become a joyful witness to the degree of interest which they begin to excite in the minds of both the government and inhabitants of Great Britain. As the history of my emigration and the various circumstances of my life are rather curious, I have resolved to give a faithful account of my adventures, which I hope will not be uninteresting.

I was born in Hampshire, and being an only son, was brought up with the greatest care by my father, Edward Derwent, who rented a small farm, the lease of which he had taken at

a very high rent. My mother died when I was very young, and, of course, I have no great recollection of her. I was, as I have said, taken great care of by my father, who intended that I should pursue some business instead of farming, which he did not think was very profitable; unfortunately, it soon proved so to his cost. The prices fell; he had more difficulty in meeting the rent every time it came due than at the preceding term, and, by degrees, the live stock was sold. At length, overburdened with anxieties, he became ill, and died.

The landlord seized every thing for the arrears of rent; and a surplus of about sixty pounds was all that I had to commence the world with.

After applying in vain for employment in the neighbourhood, I began to despair; when a person, whose brother had settled in Quebec, advised me to go to Canada, which he described in very flattering terms. As I saw that I had no great chance of succeeding in my native



country, I proceeded to Portsmouth, and there met with a vessel about to sail for Quebec, the master of which happening to be in want of a cabin-boy, offered me the situation. I willingly acceded to his proposals; and, as I had been at first staggered at the expense of even a steerage passage, thought myself fortunate in thus securing one for my services during the voyage.

The vessel in which I was about to leave England was a small, uncomfortable brig, of about 150 tons burden; added to this, it had the misfortune to be commanded by a man whom I afterwards discovered to be an unquenchable drunkard; but I did not ascertain this till we were at sea, for the interval between my engagement with him and the departure of the ship being short, I was very busy the whole time in preparing my articles for the passage. The result of this intemperance will be seen shortly, and from it arose many misfortunes that would otherwise not have befallen me.

The brig proceeded rapidly before a favour-

ing breeze, for the first three weeks or thereabouts; but the wind then changed, and, for a fortnight, a succession of harassing squalls prevented us from making any great progress, and grievously afflicted me with sea-sickness, which I had not suffered much from during the previous part of the voyage.

At the beginning of the sixth week we were, by the captain's observations, about to enter the Gulph of St. Lawrence, the straits leading to which we ran through without any danger. The captain, accordingly, resolved to have a great carouse, and drank to such excess that he could neither move hand nor foot. At this time the wind, which had been fair, veered round to the north, and gradually, as the night approached, increased in violence. The moon was full, but it could only be seen through the clouds at short intervals; still there was light sufficient to show us the waves rising and sinking in great swells as the wind increased in its violence.

I was too frightened to remain below ; and, therefore, standing on the windward side of the vessel, awaited the result of the storm. The sailors, eight in number, besides the mate, were talking in clusters at the foremast, together with the few steerage passengers. During a lull of the gale I made my way to the helmsman, and asked him if he thought we were in danger ; after inquiring twice, he gruffly told me to go below and say my prayers.

After this not very equivocal answer, I returned to my former station, and had not been long there when the mate, coming to me, desired me to try and arouse the captain, that he might tell them what to do. The mate himself was little better than a common sailor, at least he knew no more of navigation, nor did he pretend to it ; we were, therefore, entirely in the captain's hands with regard to our reckoning, and it was from a conviction of this that the mate desired me to try and get him on deck.

Without delay I descended the companion-stairs, and, to my astonishment, found the captain on the floor, fast asleep; while the candle that lighted the cabin was burnt to the socket, and shed but a faint light over the narrow apartment, disclosing the remnants of his unhappy debauch. He had evidently been thrown out of his berth by a sudden roll of the ship, but was so stupified by drink that the power to regain it was gone. I shook him well by the shoulder, but without the least effect; at length I bethought me that sprinkling some water on him might have the desired result. Accordingly, I went to his berth for the jug, but had just got out into the cabin when a sudden lurch of the brig pitched me forward, and discharged the whole contents on the face and neck of the captain, who, with a volley of oaths, managed to get on his feet. He did not seem inclined to pay any heed to my remonstrances: I was, therefore, about to go for the mate,—when that person came down, and, in a severe tone, taxed him

with the guilt of indulging in liquor in the most dangerous part of the voyage.

“When,” said he, “all our lives, I may say, are in your hand, you should never have done such a thing; it is not honest to your employers, and places us all in great danger.—Derwent,” he added, “help me to get the master on deck.”

The captain seemed to feel the sharpness of this reproach, and exerted himself to get up stairs; hardly was he at the top when he turned round to me and said, with a drunken laugh, “So you’re afraid, are you? why, there’s not the least danger in the world.”

And, at the same instant, he shook the mate off; but his moments were numbered—a vast wave rolled aft, and swept him overboard in the twinkling of an eye: nothing could save him, and he was far behind in a few seconds.

The storm, towards midnight, increased in its fury; and, by one o’clock in the morning, the vessel was unmanageable. I was standing

at this time near the mate, and anxiously awaiting some abatement of the gale, when, as the vessel rose on a lofty wave, I saw, by the dim light, a dark horizon stretching far on the larboard-bow. In a loud voice I addressed the mate; but the wind blew so hard, that it was only by signs I could make him understand. He, however, by looking in the direction I pointed, soon perceived the same undefineable object. After a short examination of it he approached so close to me that I could hear, and said—

“Unless the wind change quickly, the ship will be lost.”

From this I inferred that we were driving ashore; and, therefore, prepared to receive the severe shock that would assuredly be felt. For a few minutes we drove on, till our bowsprit almost touched the rocks, and then she struck with tremendous force. I was thrown from my grasp and immediately washed overboard; but,

happily, a succeeding wave cast me, high and dry, on the beach.

When morning came, I saw the brig lying on a ledge of rocks, the tide being out, and the mate and most of the others fastened to the shrouds to prevent their being washed overboard. By noon they had all got on shore; but, content with our lives, no one would venture to the vessel again to try and save anything: we, therefore, set out to find if possible some habitation. After wandering several hours, we discovered a miserable village, situated at the head of a small inlet.

On entering it, we were received with great kindness; and the inhabitants, though very poor, divided us among them, each taking some one to his own house to reside till we got round again. I went with an old fisherman and his two sons, who treated me exceedingly well, considering their means. After two days, being quite recovered, the old man told me that

nothing had been saved from the vessel, though several of the fishers had set out immediately on our arrival to endeavour to get something out of it.

“Therefore,” said he, “I propose that you should accompany me and my sons on our fishing expeditions, and receive an equal share of the fish, which you will be able to dispose of, as a schooner calls here for whatever we may have caught.”

I agreed to the proposal with pleasure, as the idea struck me, that with my share of the fish, I might be able to get a passage to Quebec in the schooner.

The next week, I for the first time went out to fish. Not being at all accustomed to such kind of work, the constant pulling up of the lines made my hands quite raw, and occasioned me great pain; but I got over it by degrees, and soon became an adept at the various processes the cod-fish go through, from the time they come out of the water till they are packed up.



In due time the schooner came, and, as the year had been a remarkably fortunate one, I found that, besides my passage, I would have twenty or thirty dollars over. Though this was but a small capital to begin the world with, I deemed it better than to endure the miseries of the small fishing establishment I then resided at.

'I will not trouble the reader with an account of my passage to Quebec ; all I shall say is that it was uncomfortable in the extreme. By the time I reached the capital of Lower Canada, it was the end of the season, and already the winter began to make itself felt.

The third day after my arrival, while disconsolately walking out seeking employment, a tall lank man came up and addressed me to the following effect :—

“ I suspect you haven't been long in these parts, eh ?”

“ No, Sir,” said I ; “ I am quite a stranger, being shipwrecked in the Gulph.”

“Indeed,” said he; “then you’ll not have very much of the ready?”

“Hardly a farthing; and, what’s worse, I can get no employment,” was my reply.

“Well,” answered he, “if that’s the case, I can get you plenty. Accompany my gang to the bush to cut lumber, and I’ll give you good wages.”

“What kind of business is that of lumbering?” said I, not understanding what he meant.

“Oh,” replied the stranger, “it’s a fine healthy employment—plenty to eat and drink, and as large fires as you choose. If you’ll go, just say so at once; I’ll give you the same as my other men, who set out in two days.”

“But what kind of labour is it,” said I, “you wish to engage me for?”

“Merely,” said he, with a smile, “cutting down the bush—that’s all; and I furnish both food and drink.”

“How long will you employ me?”

“Throughout the winter, and a great part of

the spring ; it's the only way you can get any thing to do at this season."

"Very well," answered I ; "I agree to your proposals, and am ready as soon as you please."

Having settled all the different items, we parted, he having appointed me to come to his house the next day to get the various articles I would need, and likewise a part of my wages in advance.

As soon as he had left me, I began to imagine what kind of business lumbering could be ; for I was not at all satisfied with the explanation of my employer. What it was in reality I had not the least idea of ; and the reader will see, in the end, how cruelly I was taken in.

On the day appointed, I went to my master's house, where several other men were introduced to me as my companions. I was a little startled at the number of blankets, provisions, &c. provided—but it was now too late to retract ; therefore, I prepared, with what heart I could, for my journey into the interior—the horrors and pri-

vations of my residence in which I will presently narrate to the readers.

We went up to Montreal in a schooner, and without delay hired a batteau to ascend the Ottawa, which was at that time but little frequented by lumberers, as the river presented many obstacles to the floating of timber down. My companions were very boisterous, ill-favoured, unthinking men, whom, had I been allowed any choice, I should have declined to accompany; I was, therefore, rather averse to ask them any questions, as civil replies were rarely vouchsafed, but contented myself with observing what was going on.

Having left Montreal, we almost immediately entered the lowest of the grand rapids of the St. Lawrence. Its first appearance struck me with surprise: the bed of the river, which is of great width, seems as if it sloped suddenly down, and, in consequence, the water rushes over with tremendous violence. We ascended these rapids with difficulty, and then, having got into

the Lake of St. Louis, pulled away for the Ottawa, where the labours of ascending the rapids were again repeated ; but this time they were attended with greater delay, as the latter are much longer than the former.

Having accomplished this much of our journey, we prepared to encamp for the night. The nearest trees being cut down for fear they should fall, the men expeditiously constructed a temporary hut, called a "shanty," covered with bark; and, having lighted a large fire in the door-way, we cooked our supper, and wrapping ourselves in blankets, stretched our weary bodies on some spruce branches gathered for the bed.

This was the first taste I had of the pleasure of lumbering, and it did not fill me with any very pleasant anticipations of the future; but, as better couldn't be, I accommodated myself to my circumstances, and was soon fast asleep.

Early next morning we again started, and, hoisting a sail to catch the slight breeze, rowed

and sailed by turns up the stream, which flowed silently and without any strong current along. The banks were covered, as far as the eye could reach, with lofty trees, presenting at this season of the year a very variegated appearance. Here and there some large pines would rise from the forest, over-topping in a very perceptible degree the rest of the woods. As we sailed along, I inquired of one of my companions, whether we would ascend the river much higher.

“ Oh, yes,” answered the man; “ it will be at least twenty or thirty leagues farther up before we reach our station.”

“ Are there many inhabitants?” said I, quite ignorant as yet of the nature of the Canadian bush.

“ Inhabitants !” cried he, with a laugh; “ not a soul within a hundred miles, except the Indians, and, may be, another party like ourselves.”

I was thunderstruck at this dismal intelligence, and asked how long we would be in such

a situation. My spirits were not at all elevated by his answer.

“ For four or five months we will be cutting down and dragging the logs to the side of a river; and, for six weeks or two months in the spring, employed in making it into rafts, and floating it down with the freshets to Quebec.”

The information I had already received did not tempt me to pursue my inquiries, and I disconsolately seated myself in the bottom of the boat till roused to take my turn at the oar. This evening we disembarked at the mouth of a small river, the margin of which was already covered with a coat of ice. As we had been unwilling to lose the favouring breeze, the evening was closing in before we landed, and we had scarcely time to form our hut before it was quite dark: the precaution of cutting down the trees was, therefore, unattended to.

We stretched ourselves in the same order as before, and were soon fast asleep; but, in the middle of the night, were awakened by a tre-

mendous crash, followed by the immediate prostration of our hut, fortunately without doing us any injury.

Having succeeded in crawling out of the ruins, we perceived the cause of our misfortune to be a huge tree which had fallen just alongside of the shanty, which one of its branches had completely destroyed: a few yards nearer, and some of us would assuredly have been crushed to death.

We kindled a large fire and sat by it till daylight, when we extricated our blankets and other necessaries from the remnants, and, stowing them on board our batteau, proceeded up the river.

About noon the current increased in velocity, and soon bodies of foam and rent trees swept past. We presently discovered whence it arose; and, for the first time, I saw a real American cataract, in the Falls of the Chaudiere on the Ottawa. These celebrated falls form a very beautiful landscape, as several small islands



divide them, and thereby make the river descend in different places, and not in a single body; by means of these islands a bridge now joins the two banks. The sight appeared to me very grand; but it did not seem to excite much surprise with the voyageurs who were with me, one of whom I overheard remarking that they were very troublesome, as they broke up every raft that came down the river.

At this place we made a portage—that is to say, carried all our things beyond the impediment in the navigation; and having likewise brought our boat to a convenient place, again launched it at some distance from the Falls of the Chaudiere.

For three successive days we continued our ascent, passing, in our course, over the beautiful lakes of Chaudiere and Des Chats, both merely expansions of the Ottawa, but extending between twenty and thirty miles. At the expiration of that time we began to enter the red pine regions, which were our ultimate des-

tion. We skirted the shores of the river during the next day, looking for a situation convenient for floating the timber, and, towards evening, found a place adapted for our views. A river of about eighty yards wide here flowed out, and, about a mile and a half up, formed into two branches, both covered with excellent wood. This was the spot where we were to take up our abode for six months—and dismal enough it seemed.

The ground was covered with snow that had fallen the previous night, and the little river was frozen almost hard enough to bear a person.

Just as we arrived here, one of the men perceived a bear crossing it, about two hundred yards higher up; two or three shots were fired, but without any visible effect. In the middle the ice gave way, and he fell into the water; this gave us some hopes of catching him, but, before we could get ashore, he was off into the woods.

This incident was not very agreeable to me,

as among the other dangers of lumbering, that of being slain by wild beasts had never entered into my head ; but, before I left this part of the country, I was not at all troubled at the thought, as by that time we were well accustomed to such visiters.

The next day we ascended the stream to its fork, and there took up our abode. In the first place we cut down a number of fine straight logs, which, being notched in order to fit the closer, were then placed one above another to the height of twelve or thirteen feet. The walls being thus finished, a number of poles were rested on them, and the hut was roofed in with branches and bark ; a door and a chimney were then constructed, both in the rudest manner that can be imagined. A large hole was dug in the centre of the hut to serve as a cellar, and having placed the greater part of our winter stock in it, we covered it over with planks split out of a tree, and smoothed on the upper surface with an axe.

Our hut being thus finished, we commenced operations, and having selected a choice spot the labour began, and, without any diversity, continued throughout a very severe Canadian winter. I soon felt the effects of this toil, and was taken so ill, as to be unable to work for a whole week. I then got round and took my share of the hardships of cutting down, chopping, and, lastly, rolling the logs to the river's brink, where they might be floated down to the Ottawa in the spring freshets, as the melting of the snow is called.

During our stay on this stream we frequently shot deer, and once or twice met with a bear. In one of our hunts after these latter animals, an unfortunate accident occurred. It happened, on a beautiful frosty morning, about the middle of February, that when we were proceeding to our station, one of the men perceived the track of a bear in the snow, and as it was quite fresh we determined to pursue it. Having, therefore, returned to the hut for our rifles, we set out on

his trail. As we walked on snow-shoes we got over the ground faster than Bruin, and, after a couple of hours' hard travelling, espied him clumsily jogging on through the deep snow. One of the men being in advance, managed to get a shot at him, but apparently without effect, as he only exerted himself the more.

The bear appearing to be getting in advance, we all pursued at the top of our speed; but one of our party, being a greater adept than the rest of us, got about fifty yards a-head, and was hid from our sight by the trees. After half an hour's hard exertions, we neared the object of our hunt, and almost immediately heard the crack of our friend's rifle. We struggled on; but hardly had a minute elapsed when we heard him scream for help in a terrible manner. We pushed forward, and at length saw the bear, which was of great size, dragging him by the shoulder along the ground. At this we paused, fearful to fire lest we should kill our comrade, when one of the lumberers broke

through our indecision by exclaiming, that if we did not kill him the bear would, and, at the same instant, he aimed and fired. We followed his example, but still the bear held on without dropping his prey.

I happened to load my rifle fastest, and, therefore, to make "assurance doubly sure," advanced within a few yards of the monster, and fired. My shot took effect; Bruin dropped my comrade, and fell, but, gathering his strength, he sprang up, and rushed at me with open mouth.

I was completely spell-bound, and incapable of moving; the ferocious beast seized my arm that I impotently held forth, and bit it to the bone, but his power was gone; with a savage howl he fell back, dragging me with him into the snow.

Having been released from the tusks of the bear, my arm was bound up, and I was borne, along side of our unfortunate fellow-huntsman, to the hu On examination, he was found to be

worthy, soon left the business of that department entirely in my hands.

After residing with him eighteen months, Mr. Cedar made a bad speculation to a large amount ; and, therefore, scraping together whatever he could lay his hands on, he prepared to quit the country. Not having suspected his intention, I was much surprised when, one day, he thus addressed me :—

“ I guess, Derwent, you have got some store of dollars by you ; now, I will make a bargain. I am going to quit business, as I am getting stiff ; and I will, therefore, sell these things for a mere song.”

As I had never before heard him speak of removing, I was greatly astonished, but replied :—

“ I fear I haven't got enough, having only two hundred and fifty dollars in cash.”

“ Well,” said he, “ I'll take that, and your bill for a like sum.”

I was very much amazed at this offer ;

Mr. Cedar was esteemed a "cute Yankee," and yet he offered me goods to the value of eight hundred dollars for five hundred. Seeing me hesitate, he said—

"You may have the store likewise, for a hundred and fifty more; will you strike a bargain."

"Yes," said I, my astonishment quite dispelled; "I agree to your proposals, and am ready to fulfil my part as soon as you please."

"The sooner the better," was the reply; and we forthwith adjourned into the house, where I paid him two hundred and fifty dollars, and gave him four bills for one hundred each: and the house and goods became mine.

The next day, the cause of his giving me such advantageous terms were known: he had crossed the line during the night and left his property to the creditors.

As my title to the goods and store was indubitable, I remained in possession, and, six weeks afterwards, the mills being brought to the ham-



mer, I borrowed money enough to buy the saw-mill, which was a very excellent one. By dint of great industry it paid its own price in eighteen months, and the mill became mine. Before, however, this was the case, I married a Dutchman's daughter, and got a dower that helped me to extend my business in the store-keeping line.

The grist-mill in the village had now been let for two years, no purchaser being found, and at the expiration of that period the tenant quitted it. I therefore got it, at a very low rent, for three years; and, at the same time, bought up a great quantity of grain, in order to grind it at my own mill. The flour was then conveyed to Montreal, where I made a very consolatory profit for the risk I had run.

About this time, several persons with capital settled around and in the town, and Orville soon increased in size and opulence. I was now induced to make rather a hazardous speculation.

I thought that, as the several preceding years

had been very abundant, the chances were the next would not be so. I, therefore, bought up in advance several thousand bushels of wheat at the prices then given for it, hoping at least that I would not lose. It turned out to my advantage; a blight falling on the crops raised their price; and that year I made sufficient, together with my other earnings, to purchase the grist-mill, my lease of which had just expired.

I need not continue the account of my rise in the world any further; suffice to say that I am now the owner of several mills and large tracts of land, and am convinced that any person, if industrious, can and will succeed in Canada.

THE END OF VOL. II.

---

BAYLIS AND LEIGHTON.  
JOHNSON'S COURT, FLEET STREET.

